THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 317—NUMBER 4112

APRIL 28, 1923

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE PLIGHT OF BRITISH AGRICULTURE

GREAT BRITAIN is very seriously alarmed in regard to farm laborers' wages and the general condition of agriculture. The report of the deputation of farmers and farm workers that the Prime Minister received the middle of last month was, as the *Daily Telegraph* said, 'most deplorable reading,' especially taken in connection with the fact that some thousands of farm laborers had gone out on strike, after a last fruitless effort to reach an agreement, rather than submit to a further wage-reduction, averring that their wages had already been 'cut to the bone.' Twenty-five shillings a week, the average winter wage, certainly means starvation fare. The laborers have now had two miserable years in succession, and their plight is getting very near desperation. As the *Telegraph* puts it: —

'It must be borne in mind, moreover, that it is not in this country alone that the agriculturists are crying out; the farmers in Canada and the United States are also bitterly complaining that at the ruling prices they cannot grow at a profit, and there has even been a very strong agitation among the farmers for American interference in European affairs because the German market has been closed to their produce. When, not only in cereals, where British prices are governed by world prices, but in potatoes, where we are entirely self-supporting, heavy losses are made by the growers, what practical steps can be taken by the Government to help an industry which is in so parlous a state?

'The nationalization of the land, which is offered as a remedy by the Labor Party, because that is the one quack-medicine bottle to which they have recourse whenever they are asked to prescribe for an industry in difficulties, does not offer the slightest hope of raising the laborer's wages or keeping him on the land. Agriculture is short of capital; the big landlords, who used regularly to come to the rescue of their tenants in bad times, are now crippled and overburdened with taxation and have no money to spare. Rural land has had burden after burden flung upon it without a thought as to how the money was to be raised. . . . Agricultural land, in fact, is waterlogged by the rates, and the farmer pays very dearly for the smooth and costly roads through his district, toward which he contributes an amount entirely disproportionate to his use of them.

'The future is as black as it was in the eighties of last century. In fact, it

Copyright 1923, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is worse, for certain remedies then suggested have been tried and speedily abandoned. The Prime Minister bluntly told those who waited upon him that they must not look either for subsidy or for Protection, and, compared with these, the measures which the Government has in hand are palliatives of limited scope.

'We must await, of course, the report of the Tribunal of Economists, which was appointed last Christmas to investigate what other nations have done to stay the processes of agricultural decay, before the Government can be asked to see whether another attempt at a national agricultural policy is possible, which shall be accepted by all parties in the State. But we are not optimistic. Such a policy must inevitably demand some sacrifice of cheapness from the urban dweller, who, we fear, has little knowledge or understanding of the countryman; while the constant teaching of the Labor Party is that the landlord is an incubus and the farmer a hard-fisted tyrant toward the laborer.

'But if agriculturists are finally told that they must just do the best they can for themselves, because the State can do nothing for them, the acreage under the plough will shrink rapidly and the number of those who live by agriculture in the villages will dwindle at a similar pace. That will be an unqualified disaster for the arable counties, and a disaster also for the highest national interests of the State. . . .

'It is notorious that hundreds of those who bought their farms at high prices and largely on borrowed capital three years ago are to-day either hopelessly insolvent or on the brink of insolvency, in spite of the £46,000,000 loaned to the farming industry by the big banks, which have more than vindicated their reputation against the common reproach that it was from their close-fistedness that the farmers were suffering. The farmers have their neck in the forks, and we do not see how they are to be extricated. . . .

'The British farmer cannot grow cereals except at a heavy loss at the world prices now ruling, and any British Government which proposed a measure of Protection on his behalf would at once be swept away by the torrent of agitation from the urban populations, who look to no interest where the price of food is concerned but their own, and are so taught by their political and party guides. Nor would a temporary subsidy be of any avail. Other industries, such as mining, have asked for it, and have been refused. Prices, indeed, may rise and the position improve somewhat; on the other hand, they may go lower, and the position will get worse.'

❦

SHERRY AND DRIED FISH

It seems an odd combination, but it is threatening to throw out of gear the economic machinery of several European states, namely Norway, Spain, and Portugal. The question is particularly important for Norway, as the sale of dried codfish is one of the main sources of her wealth, this commodity having been, in times past, sold mainly to Spain and Portugal, many varieties going thither exclusively. But there arose suddenly an absolute antagonism between fish and sherry — in other words, between the idealistic reformers of Norway and the wine-growers of Spain and Portugal. The interesting and tragic tale is thus told by the *Manchester Guardian* of March 26: —

'In view of the importance to Norway of this trade, there were commercial agreements between these countries and Norway, establishing reciprocally favorable import duties, the main

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exports of Spain and Portugal being, of course, wine. This arrangement was brusquely interrupted when in 1920 Norway prohibited within her borders the sale of liquor containing more than 14 per cent alcohol. The decision, based on a somewhat inconclusive plebiscite result (one third of the population did not trouble to vote), made havoc of Norway's trade treaties.

'France, as the most important complainant, was squared with the promise that 400,000 litres of heavy French wine "for medical and scientific purposes" would none the less be imported annually. Long and tiresome negotiations with Spain took place next, and Norway had to consent to import, on a similar pretext, 500,000 litres from Spain. Smallest and least powerful, Portugal showed herself the most exacting of all, and would not hear of a lesser concession than 850,000 litres.

'Meanwhile the commercial treaties had been denounced, and thousands of fisher-folk were only being kept from ruin by Government aid. A Government Commission had, however, decided that Norway's annual requirements of wine for medical and scientific purposes were only 300,000 litres. The Storting felt, with reason, that it was below the dignity of Norway to remain in so equivocal a situation, professing on the one hand to have "gone dry," on the other hand promising to import six times as much heavy wine as she really needed "for special purposes." It was on the refusal of the House to ratify the Portuguese agreement that the Radical Blehr Cabinet fell a few days ago. A Conservative Cabinet has now taken office with the expressed intention of repealing the Prohibition Act and restoring the old pre-prohibition trade agreements as far as possible.

'Theoretically, there is a majority of prohibitionists in the Legislature, and the Repeal Act is doomed to be cast out, which will mean another Cabinet crisis and a continuance of the dire situation of the fishers. It is possible, however, in these circumstances that some of the less extreme Dries may vote against their creed.

'The position is one of great complexity for all concerned. It illustrates well the extreme difficulties which attend efforts on the part of small and progressive countries to go ahead of the rest of the world in social policy. We sympathize with the Norwegian idealists, but one can also understand that the Spaniards and Portuguese are somewhat startled to find the generous vintages of the warm south classed with opium as unfit objects of commerce.'

✻

JAPANESE FARMERS' POLITICAL APATHY

THE old complaint of American leaders, and never more often repeated than to-day, that the average citizen is too little interested in politics even to go to the polls, is now being seriously raised in Japan. Mr. Bunji Suzuki, often called the 'father of labor organization in Japan,' has expressed himself very pessimistically on this subject in a recent number of the *Taiyo*, his article being summed up by a writer in the *Herald of Asia* of March 10. No doubt the repeated failure of the manhood-suffrage bill to become law in Japan has much to do with Mr. Suzuki's pessimism.

'In the first place Mr. Suzuki mentions the undeniable fact that the ancient doctrine, "Don't let the people learn, but rely on the Government," still holds sway over the minds of much the larger half of Japanese population. True, the Restoration of 1868 completely overthrew the feudalistic régime of Tokugawa Shogunate; but those who succeeded to power then were not of the merchant or farmer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

class, but of the samurai or aristocratic class, though of a somewhat lower stratum.

'In 1891 constitutionalism was adopted with the promulgation of the Constitution and the establishment of Parliament; but the representatives then elected were all from the intellectuals and the well-to-do people, as they still largely are. Thus, even after more than half a century since the fall of feudalism, and after more than thirty odd years of parliamentary régime, politics and the government still remain in the hands of the bourgeois class and political parties which make a business of it — not in those of the people in general.

'Secondly, Mr. Suzuki points to the wave of pollution and corruption now sweeping over the political world of the country, as causing many people to turn away with disgust from anything taken up by political parties. The fact is, the people at large being divorced from politics, bureaucrats and political parties can do almost anything, when they join their hands, and the situation gets worse when any one party gets into power and has the government under its control. All scandals are stifled and silenced by the powers that be, at the beck and call of the party on top.

'Thirdly, Mr. Suzuki says the influence of those who despise politics must not be overlooked. The number of such as these may not necessarily be very large; but the fact is undeniable that the syndicalistic and anarchistic propaganda has of late been bearing fruit among the working class.

'The preceding observations cause Mr. Suzuki to doubt that the Japanese people as a whole are possessed of any political ideas. Destitute of such ideas, a very large number of Japanese are, of course, without political ideals. Democracy is an ideal, and the latter-day political movement in Japan, especially the suffrage agitation, is unquestionably heading toward that ideal. But the people at large don't know it and don't care about it.

'However, Mr. Suzuki is by no means disposed to be hopeless concerning the political capabilities of the Japanese people. Everything in the past has been against their understanding or taking interest in politics. He is fervently hopeful that the better-informed leaders among the populace will take up the matter and form a popular political body to engage in this all-important work of giving a sound political education to the people, the masses.'

✽

PERPLEXITIES OF NATIONALITY

M. GABRIEL HANOTAUX comments in *La Prensa* upon the difficulty of inaugurating a 'policy of nationality' in many parts of Europe, due to the fact that 'races are so intermixed that it is almost impossible to justly assign to each its rightful territory, its own parish, its origin, and its ancestors.'

'In Constantinople,' M. Hanotaux says, referring to the time of his ambassadorship in Turkey, 'I had among my servants a huge man — a terrible figure with an enormous moustache, whose principal occupation consisted in running before my carriage, armed to the teeth, with pistols and daggers in his sash and a lance in his hand, "to clear the way for His Excellency." However, he was a fellow of the sweetest and most submissive disposition. One day he appeared, his face streaming with blood, to ask my protection. Knowing that, in spite of Mohammed's prohibition, my "cavas" never despised the blessed fruit of the vineyards, I at first paid no attention to his complaints. But they became so insistent that I decided to listen to his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tale, which he unfolded to me in his international jargon, concluding with an appeal for "Justice! Justice!" Being, in my capacity of ambassador, also a judge over French citizens living in the city, I should, he said, punish his offenders.

'"Then," I said, "you are a French citizen?"

'"Of course, since I am in the service of your Excellency!"

'"That is all very well, but where were you born?"

'"Ah, Excellency, nowhere!"

'"How — nowhere?"

'"Yes, sir; at sea — that is, on board a ship."

'"Very well; but where did it sail from?"

'"From Alexandria, Egypt."

'"Then you are Egyptian."

'"Not at all, not at all, Excellency! My mother was going to Athens, and as soon as she arrived there I was declared Greek."

'"Well, then you are Greek!"

'"Oh no, not at all: my father is a Turk."

'"Then perhaps you are Turkish?"

'"Oh no; my mother was Jewish and it was she who signed my papers."

'And he continued to shout till he was exhausted: "Justice! I want justice! I'm in the service of your Excellency, therefore I am French."

'This,' M. Hanotaux continues, 'is precisely what they have been trying to find out at Lausanne. Are the Greeks of the Turkish Empire Greek or Turkish? Are the Armenians of that empire Armenian, as they claim their religion and race make them, or are they Turkish subjects only? I could read a course of lectures on the juridic relations between the Turkish nationality and the Christian nationalities of the Turkish Empire. But upon hearing it you would n't be any wiser on the subject, for these laws are part of a past that is already vanishing and which the recent events have practically abolished.'

*

UNWELCOME GUESTS

In *The Nation and the Athenæum* for March 24 Mr. Hugh F. Spender draws a rather pathetic picture of the young French soldiers of the Army of Occupation: —

For all their fine martial appearance there is something ghost-like about the soldiers, for not an eye is lifted, not a head is turned toward them as they pass through the crowd. It is as if the townspeople had made up their mind that the blue-coated figures were not there. If the French speak to anyone, he will not answer. If they enter a shop, the man behind the counter pays no heed. The soldiers must take what they want, for no one will sell to them. They cannot buy a cup of coffee; they must commandeer hotel and restaurant before they can be fed, and no German, except a few blacklegs, will serve them. Why should the people share their food and goods with the invader?

I feel sorry for some of these soldiers, for they are but boys, and cannot understand why no human being in the Ruhr will speak to them. They appear to behave well on the whole. I notice some corporals carry whips; I have never seen them use them. But dreadful stories are told in Essen of attacks with whip and bayonet on defenseless crowds. It is the feeling that they are so absolutely at the mercy of the French which is the bitterest drop in the Germans' cup. Had they been knocked out in fair fight before the French came in, they would not complain so much, because war in their view justifies the harsh treatment of a civilian population. That is the excuse for Belgium.

I was told this morning of a strange scene in a shop which two officers entered to buy some chocolate. The tradesman made no reply to their polite request to be served, but continued to attend to his German customers, and when they hurriedly went out he still made no sign that he was aware of the invaders' presence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They expostulated, grew angry, and finally, taking what they wanted, left some thousand-mark notes on the counter, and departed. The shopman took the paper money, tore it in shreds and threw it into the street. Had he served the officers, there is no doubt that his shop would have been wrecked by Germans.

✻

MINOR NOTES

THE progress of the socialistic theory of government in Yucatan, where it has been put in practice to a much greater extent than anywhere else except Russia, is attracting more and more attention from students of political science, one of whom, a professor in the University of Buenos Aires, has even taken up his residence in that Mexican state with a view to studying practical socialism at close quarters.

SIGNOR NITTI, the Prime Minister of the Liberal Government that preceded that of Signor Giolitti, who boasts that he was the avowed enemy of German imperialism and militarism before the war, has now become an apologist for the German republic. After expressing wonder at the neutrality of Great Britain and America on the Ruhr question, he remarks, in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of March 14, 1923: —

The reason for the occupation of the Ruhr was the failure to pay. But it is very extraordinary that people get so excited about Germany's failure to pay, while Belgium, Italy, and France (which is much richer than Italy, and which received great advantages through the war, such as rich territories, mineral lands, colonies, and so forth) have not only paid no part of the capital owed to England or America, but not even the interest!

PABLO IGLESIAS in *El Socialista* voices the protest of the Spanish Socialist Party, which 'has always demanded and is still demanding the evacuation of Morocco; all organized labor demands it; an immense majority of the people wish it. However, our Government persists in the absurd adventure. . . . Not a day passes but a few sons of Spain lose their lives in Morocco; hospitals continually receive wounded and sick men; the Treasury pours million after million into the enterprise. . . . Neither Conservatives nor Liberals are able to remedy the situation. They have not the power to do so. . . .'

The Catalan daily, *La Veu*, reproduced the following speech of Señor Cambo, chief of the Catalan regionalists: 'We are still in Morocco and the worst of it is that we do not know what we are there for. Our soldiers do not know what to do and are getting demoralized from day to day. . . . If any soldiers have come back from Morocco, you will have noticed that they brought with them a spirit of anarchism, antimilitarism, an anti-Spanish tendency. . . . In Melilla, during the carnival, masquerades took place in which generals and officers of the local forces were ridiculed — and their soldiers were among those who applauded. . . .'

'Are there still men in our high office,' asks Pablo Iglesias, 'who dream imperialist dreams after studying the Morocco campaign? If so, the country should not wait for the evil to grow, but bring these gentry up with a round turn, before a catastrophe overwhelms us.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOCIALISM IN YUCATAN

BY CARLOS LOVEIRA

From *Cuba Contemporánea, January*
(Havana Liberal Review)

Mexico undoubtedly made notable material progress during the Diaz régime, and especially during the seventeen years that the *cientifico* cabinet was in power. The primitive and inadequate railway system was extended and placed on a modern footing. Important harbor-works were completed on both the Pacific and the Atlantic. Expensive irrigation projects were carried out to the great benefit of agriculture. The public treasury, practically bankrupt in 1893, enjoyed the best of credit abroad in 1910. Mexican four-per-cent bonds stood at par. The City of Mexico had received a modern system of water supply and of drainage; it had been adorned with magnificent public buildings and monuments, and whole avenues of palatial private residences testified to the prosperity and great wealth of the people.

But is all, or nearly all, that a country needs to be really wealthy, prosperous, and civilized, good railways, secure harbors, metropolitan parks, palaces and monuments, and financial wizards like Limantour, who was considered as irreplaceable in the Treasury as General Porfirio Diaz in the Presidency? What had been done for the public schools in the midst of all this grandeur? How many organizations for the advance and betterment of the proletariat existed in the country? Under what sanitary conditions and living conditions in general did the great mass of the poorer people exist? What, in a word, was the life of ninety per cent of the Mexican people in those days of splendor so often pictured to us now by the admirers of Don Porfirio?

Everyone knows, but many have forgotten.

In the cities, the laboring population lived in filth, vice, and misery that contrasted more markedly than ever with the luxury and elegance of a privileged minority. Almost everywhere two distinct civilizations existed side by side in the same city. At the capital, close to the famous palaces and the Parisian vistas we have just described, almost next door to great shops rivaling those of Fifth Avenue or the Paris boulevards, within a few steps of the broad avenues thronged with tourists and wealthy natives, were dark and pestilential alleys, fermenting with vice and dissipation, as filthy as the miserable people that inhabited them, whose only scavengers were the dogs, where dwelt a laboring class that earned hardly enough to buy the coarse and scanty attire that protected it from the elements.

This contrast must have been especially visible to the observant stranger just when the Diaz régime reached the zenith of its glory during Mexico's centennial celebration. He saw triumphal arches, gay banners, uniforms and decorations, the glitter of arms, military parades, the marching regimental bands, shining silks, elaborate official insignia, brilliant diplomatic delegations, prancing steeds, and gorgeous state coaches. But he encountered everywhere crowds of ragged, barefooted *pelados*, lounging on the park

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

benches and the steps of the churches; groups of gypsy-like soldiers' women, in gay but ragged garments, surrounded by clusters of untidy and ill-nourished children, at the entrance of some barracks; or a buzzing throng of curious idlers eagerly pressing around some tavern door, where some former factory employee or railway man had just thrashed another happy fellow citizen of Don Porfirio as a result of an extra glass of *pulque*.

The Indians form the mass of the rural population of Mexico, and inherit the traditions of the semicommunal institutions under which their ancestors lived before they were conquered by the Spaniards, and indeed under which they still live in some of the remoter regions of the republic. These Indian lands, previously cultivated solely for the common benefit of those who tilled them, were converted by the Spaniards into great estates that have survived, sometimes without much subdivision, in the famous *haciendas* of to-day.

The Mexican native thus became a hacienda serf, forced to work from sun to sun, barefooted, half-clothed, hungry, subjected to cruel corporal punishment, a mere beast of burden. Such scanty remuneration as he received went to the proprietor's store, *latienda de raya*, where it never sufficed to balance his 'account' with his master. That is a notorious institution that has survived in practically all the democratic republics of Latin America. So long as this debt was unpaid, he could not leave the hacienda to seek work elsewhere, and thus became in effect a serf attached to the soil, virtually an hereditary slave, for the debt of the father passed to the son, and so on indefinitely.

This deplorable condition of affairs naturally reduced the rural population to a physical and moral level practically as low as that of the slum proletariat of the cities. Side by side with an opulent class of great landowners, of mercantile monopolists, of political chieftains, who in many cases were hardly more than the savage bloodhounds of the great proprietors, lived this miserable rural proletariat, robbed of all its natural rights and privileges, and the helpless victim of foreign greed and its own ignorance.

This explains the fact that, although prior to the revolution there had been isolated and transient disorders in the cities, significant enough in their way as a protest against a social system that converted the workman into the disinherited child, the really great and dangerous manifestations of revolt occurred in the country. There popular leaders won converts to their revolutionary propaganda by appealing, not only to the injustice and the hardship of the moment, but also to the hereditary hatred of the natives against those who had robbed them of their land and their rights as freemen.

Coming now to Yucatan, which we purpose more particularly to discuss, I shall content myself with quoting by way of introduction an account of the abuses that exist there from the pen of a distinguished native of that State. For Yucatan for many decades was the most perfect example of this opprobrious feudalism. There the soil was best prepared to bear speedy fruit from the seed of revolution.

The time soon came when the reactionaries, feeling more and more secure and certain of themselves, resolved to make an end of the last enemy stronghold. The leaders of the Union of Railway Workers, all occupying influential positions in the shops, were got rid of at once in a very original way. General Priciliano Cortés, Governor of the State, sent a squad of soldiers armed with machine guns to the shops, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

orders to the officials in charge to make a clean sweep of the leaders and others, and to make clear to them that they would be shot immediately if they insisted upon holding meetings of protest or did anything else that interfered with the normal work of the shops. From that time only clandestine meetings took place, and propaganda literature became very scarce and was passed surreptitiously from hand to hand, with the result that it became very dilapidated and often unreadable.

President Huerta having been deposed and banished, Carranza took his place, and during his administration a second wave of revolution, more open than the preceding one, swept over Yucatan.

Eleuterio Avila, a major of engineers, was appointed Governor of the Province of Yucatan, in accordance with socialistic demands. Reforms that he introduced were numerous and good. Among them were the limitation of the influence of the clergy outside the church, the suppression of gambling-places and barrooms, the abolition of peonage among the Indian laborers, and the doing-away with licensed houses of prostitution.

As Avila showed his good points early in the game, and proved pleasing to the revolutionaries of Yucatan, he soon had this gentry at his feet, and enjoyed their collaboration and support. But he proved in the end very far from being what the revolutionaries hoped; and it was not long before a counter-revolution took place, headed by Ortiz Argumedo, who very quickly made an end of the dominion of the Socialist Party in Yucatan. Avila, as the common Yucatan expression goes, 'was put to sleep' — that is, he was rendered powerless by the reactionaries, past masters in this kind of work. Soon the legislation in regard to the abolition of peonage among the Indians was practically abolished. Little by little the Socialists began to desert their leader, transferring their support to the other revolutionary factions, and, as could have been foreseen, Avila was in his turn deposed.

His place was filled by General Toribio de los Santos, a type of the so-called 'citizen-in-arms' class, who was supported by an army of secretaries and advisers, some of them both talented and sincere, others less so. The real revolution in Yucatan began at this period.

There followed forced loans, the expulsion of the clergy, new decrees liberating the Indians, systematic persecution of capitalists and all others who were thought to be enemies of the new doctrine, expropriation of property and lands, noisy manifestations by workmen and farm hands, marching to the strains of the Internationale, hymns to the memory of Ravachol, and the carrying of banners with such inscriptions as 'To play with the people is to play with dynamite!' and 'Let us seize all the papers in the Registry of Deeds and burn them in front of the banks and the churches!'

The real Socialists, those of practical mind, less inflammable and more constructive, were all the time hard at work reorganizing the Socialist Centres and popularizing among their adherents the doctrines of Reclus, Malato, Kropotkin, and Juan Grave, as well as establishing relations with the foremen of the workmen in Orizaba, Vera Cruz, and other places, and vigorously opposing Villa, with his 'red battalions' of revolution.

All this little reign of terror that took place in the Province of Yucatan can only be compared with the bloody years of the French Revolution, or with the atrocities of Siberia. It in no way assisted the revolutionary movement and merely brought upon it dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

credit and criticism from without; and from it emerged Argumedo with his counter-revolution, which was ephemeral because it lasted but thirty-five days with no results except to neutralize the influence of the other revolutionary faction, and tragic because a large number of white youths and numberless Indians were killed fighting practically against their own interests and will.

The leaders of the Union of Railway Workers set themselves to resist the reactionaries, beating a retreat before superior forces after weakening the military power of their adversaries. In the end Argumedo, taking with him half a million in gold and accompanied by a crowd of his 'secretaries,' escaped to Cuba, where he spread the most alarming stories of the acts of the 'monster' who succeeded him in power, and who, so said Argumedo and his followers, was occupied in laying waste the country and martyring the women and children.

This 'monster' was General Salvador Alvarado, and his 'monstrosities,' at least so far as Yucatan was concerned, were fantastic creations of the imagination only. Alvarado entered Yucatan with the title of Military Commander of the States of Chiapas, Tabasco, Campeche, and Yucatan, and as Governor *de facto* of this last State, titles which he bore during two of the bloodiest and most chaotic years of the whole struggle in Yucatan. He ruled as an absolute dictator, but was personally upright, modest, industrious, and well-meaning. He was the first to succeed in establishing Socialism on a firm basis and he was the author of numerous reforms, such as the real emancipation of the Indians, whom he made to realize both their rights and their obligations as citizens of the State.

A significant event in Yucatan history was the appearance of Felipe Carrillo, who was first elected to the House of Representatives, afterward became its president, and eventually the successor of Alvarado. The fall of Carranza occurred about this time and was caused by the same reasons as that of Madero. With Carranza fell the movement *reacción de Zamarripa*, so called from one of its principal leaders, which had considerable factional influence in the politics of the State under both Madero and Carranza, representing the State in the League of Resistance, a strong organization presided over by Felipe Carrillo after he became Governor. Carrillo is to-day one of the important men of Yucatan. Before he became so, however, appeared another factor in politics, Manuel Berzunza, one of the founders of both the Socialist Party and the League of Resistance, and to-day Secretary-General of the State of Yucatan.

The headquarters of the Central League of Resistance are at Mérida, and from here Governor Carrillo rules both as party chief and personally. The League prints and distributes its own newspapers and other propaganda of all kinds, pedagogic, literary, scientific, and even feminist. It pretends to be extremely modern in its ideas. The following set of projects was passed by the Workmen's Congress lately held in the city of Izamal, which was presided over by Governor Carrillo in person. The projected measures were as follows: —

1. To ensure the fidelity of the members of the League of Resistance of the State to the Socialist creed.

2. To establish a Federal Council of the several Leagues of Resistance and at the same time appoint to it persons who are not public functionaries.

3. To allow the political representatives of the Leagues of Resistance in the State Legislature to oppose the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reëlection of functionaries, ignoring the credentials of those applying for reëlection.

4. To fix the qualifications of the nominating committee of candidates for public functions, and those who call together the representatives of the Leagues in the Federal Council.

5. To establish the moral precepts that shall obtain in the Leagues of Resistance of the Socialist Party.

6. To administer all funds and to allot considerable portions to the Central League and to the Federal Council for their economic necessities, not forgetting in this connection the measures taken by the Congress of Workmen of Motul.

7. To determine the Communistic aims, from the point of view of agriculture, industry, and economics, that shall obtain in the League of Resistance.

8. To study and determine the means by which the agricultural and industrial wealth of the State shall be administered by the Leagues of Resistance, up to the point of full control.

9. To bring it about, meanwhile, that the Socialist Government shall pay full attention to such public utilities and private enterprises as tramways, lighting, electric power, and so forth.

10. To fix the term of office of the President of the Socialist Party and the members of the Federal Council of the Leagues.

11. To prevent Socialists from running for office, granting them in return privileges of equal value.

12. To constitute a Federation of Leagues of the Socialist Party of the Southeast and of the Socialist Agrarian Party of Campeche.

13. To raise the economic, and hence the moral and intellectual, standard of Socialists.

14. To decide the question, shall the Socialist Party of the Southeast adhere to the theories of the Third Internationale at Moscow?

The Congress did not vote to adhere to the Third Internationale, letting it be understood that it wished to favor a wider scope for the 'aspirations of the revolution that is now sweeping over the world,' and declaring itself emphatically to be in accord with every movement leading to the 'social transformation of the universe.'

On the subject of measure number seven, the following significant resolutions were passed: —

1. The Communistic aim which should be sought by the Leagues of Resistance from the agrarian point of view should be the expropriation of land without indemnification of any sort, its exploiting to be carried out for the benefit of the inhabitants according to the particular system to be adopted for this purpose.

2. The Communistic aim which should be sought by the Leagues of Resistance from the industrial point of view should be the expropriation without redemption of the fruits of industrial production for the benefit of the proletarian state, since these fruits must be exploited by the workmen for the workmen.

3. The Communistic aim which should be sought by the Leagues of Resistance from the point of view of the proportionment of production should be the suppression of the intermediary between producer and consumer, or the middleman, for whom a system of socialistic interchange shall be substituted.

The first resolution under measure number eight said that Governors of States were thereby called upon to present to the local legislatures a project of law, tending to secure the following results: (*a*) to acquire land and industrial properties, together with their respective mediums of exploita-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion; (*b*) to place these under the management of the Leagues of Resistance, or to have them alienated without cost, and see that these properties shall be exploited for the benefit of the workmen.

Finally, under measure number nine, the following resolution was passed, hardly less illustrative of the situation than the others: —

The municipal government of Mérida and the other governments shall present to the local Congress a proposition with the object of securing the expropriation for the public use of all public utilities; at the same time they shall demand authorization to contract loans with a view to indemnifying the proprietors of these utilities.

The Socialists of Yucatan and Campeche, besides being the governing power, as aforesaid, in the first of these States, where they already control the Governor and the local legislature, and also partly control the government of the second, already count among their numbers two senators and six deputies to the National Congress, and, to judge by all indications and from the partial elections which have taken place, the triumph of the Socialist Party will be complete everywhere.

We believe that we have now said enough to give an idea of the Socialist movement in Yucatan, and we feel like insisting upon qualifying it as a political-social situation of the very greatest importance in the Latin-American development of to-day. We believe that we have at the same time proved our initial statement in its true significance: that the revolution in Mexico was the first universal crystallization of socialistic propaganda, although geographical and international conditions kept it from having the celebrity of that in Russia. Mexico was Bolshevist before the Bolsheviki.

Finally we are of the opinion that in all Mexico no great political enterprise or any government whatever will succeed for any length of time without the support of the militant proletariat, as events in Yucatan have proved. Now that the Socialists are at last able to build upon a solid foundation, they will be able to rear a practical monument of sincerity and justice everywhere and to every man, and to awaken in the national consciousness of the people, by means of books, the platform, and literature, the ideals of Socialism, broad and free, untrammeled by moral or ideological sectarianism.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ITALY ON THE VERGE

BY PIETRO BERTOLINI

[The widow of Italy's ex-Minister of State has published his diary, from which we print extracts below. In her short foreword she expresses the hope that 'all will appreciate the high patriotism which compelled him to keep silence' after the declaration of war and until his end; but it was his wish that this diary should be made public after his death. 'His friends,' she adds, 'will understand the reasons for this publication.']

From *Nuova Antologia, February* 1
(Liberal Literary Bimonthly)

Montebelluna, *August* 25, 1914

Ever since the first days after our declaration of neutrality a steadily growing portion of our press has begun to express itself very openly in favor of the Entente, arguing and predicting that the measures taken for military preparedness have the object of preparing us for an intervention against the Central Powers; aspirations concerning Italia Irredenta are being fanned up to intensity. I receive the impression that our country — unconsciously, so far as the majority is concerned — is compromising the position assumed by our Government with almost general consent. This position was unavoidable because of our deficiency in supplies — grain, coal, cotton, and so forth — let alone all other considerations.

In view of the conditions under which the European crisis broke out, I believe that our present position is the most advantageous for Italy. I think, in fact, that our neutrality — which must be an armed, and a very well armed neutrality — will enable us, if we take due advantage of the course of events, to obtain satisfaction of our interests. I am fully conscious of the importance of these interests; but I am also convinced that without clear necessity we ought not to risk heavy sacrifices.

The other day . . . I wrote to several eminent deputies, drawing their attention to the foregoing. Sidney Sonnino was the only one who gave me an answer worth noticing.

This letter, as well as the undecisive character of the other answers I received, induced me to go to Rome in order to present my perplexities to those immediately in charge of the government. On the twenty-second of August I had a talk with Signor Salandra. He told me that he greatly regretted the intemperate mood of the press; that he had in mind certain measures to bridle it — measures, however, rather difficult to carry out. He even asked me to assist him through the Venetian press. I replied that I could do but very little, but, to fulfill my obligation as a friend, I promised him to talk with the chief editor of the *Gazzettino*, a paper of much influence — which I promptly did.

In the course of the conversation Salandra remarked that our eventual participation in the war could not be regarded as altogether impossible, and hinted at the Treaty of Campoformido. I replied that of course the future might require extreme measures from us; and that it was in view of precisely such eventualities that I had fully agreed with our Government's intentions of arming the nation as exten-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sively and as carefully as possible. But I could not refrain from expressing the opinion that the imposing military strength which Italy would thus gradually acquire made a comparison between the actual conditions and those existing at the time of the Campoformido Treaty quite out of place. I added that, in order to assure our liberty of decision on a basis of armed neutrality, the country ought to be amply stocked with necessary supplies.

On the same day I had a conference with Marquis Sangiuliano. Up to a certain point he fell in with my views; but later he said that it was impossible to put obstacles in the way of a current that every day was growing stronger. However, he added, he had already asked the assistance of his colleague of the Interior in this matter, and he would speak to him again.

ROME, *October* 29, 1914

Yesterday I was received by the President of the Council of Ministers. . . . I repeated to him that in my opinion the supreme interests of Italy required an absolute neutrality. He agreed, but added that neither the Monarchy nor the existing institutions would survive the conclusion of a European peace from which no political and territorial aggrandizement resulted for Italy. . . .

ROME, *December* 4, 1914

Immediately after the Government made its statements to the Chamber of Deputies, I approached Signor Sonnino and expressed to him my deep regret over the fact that the Government, while protesting a firm decision of neutrality, had caused an anti-neutralist demonstration at the Chamber by the equivocal phrase about Italy's 'just aspirations to be affirmed and supported.' This would all find country-wide response and would excite the public. Signor Sonnino, like Salandra, replied by emphasizing the necessity of the Monarchy's recovering, through the opportunity of the present war, some portion of Italia Irredenta.

ROME, *December* 12, 1914

Because some vague notions have been current in the Chamber concerning the intentions of the Italian Government to negotiate with Austria for the return of the unredeemed territories, I determined to express to Signor Sonnino during to-day's session my opinion, which was absolutely opposed to such negotiations. I believe that in case of failure these negotiations would constitute a grave danger for the maintenance of peace, being at the same time a violation of our neutrality toward the Entente.

Under the existing conditions, an agreement with Austria, if it comes to the knowledge of the Entente, as it inevitably would, should be rightly regarded as a participation in the conflict on the side of the Central Powers. Yet, we are still insufficiently supplied with grain, coal, and so forth, to withstand eventual repressions from the English. I seized the opportunity to insist on my plan, already communicated to Signor Salandra and to the other statesmen in the course of the autumn, which consisted in a most extensive provisioning of our country to assure ourselves a complete freedom of choice in international policies. Sonnino put an end to the conversation without giving me an inkling of his opinion on the subject.

ROME, *April* 16, 1915

During the last few days I have become positive that official negotiations with Austria are in full swing. Disturbed by this news I went yesterday to confer with Signor Salandra.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He informed me of the first concessions offered by the Austrian Government and of their utter insufficiency. I expressed the opinion that it was unadvisable to conclude the agreement for the same reasons for which it was unadvisable to start negotiations. I recognized that the concessions offered should not be accepted; but I also advised — since negotiations have already been started — to prolong them, for the end of the European War does not seem very near, and we shall surely have a better opportunity to decide later on, when the final solution draws nearer.

I reminded Signor Salandra of the intentions of some persons to bring about Italy's intervention as early as last fall. He interrupted me by saying that he recently had occasion to reprove those people for their precipitous mood, which might have resulted in an untimely waste of the country's strength. But when I expressed the opinion that we still had ample time to make our decisions, Signor Salandra replied that there existed at present very grave danger of an eventual separate peace between Russia and Austria. . . .

ROME, *April* 26, 1915

I was to-day received by Signor Sonnino and expressed to him my great anxiety lest the negotiations be broken up and war become imminent — a war which, in my opinion, would deprive Italy of its period of greatest prosperity, since our industries and our commerce had just begun to recover from the heavy blow dealt them by the outbreak of the European conflict, and supplying the needs of the belligerent countries had been very profitable. War would instantly stop our economic development, especially that of the South.

No one could tell what economic and financial crisis we should have to face — and what social disturbances would ensue as a result. It would reduce to naught all our international policies, most probably creating a conflict between our present necessities and our permanent aspirations — all the more so because the Entente is not likely to last long after the struggle is over.

Signor Sonnino did not deny the seriousness of these considerations. As for the negotiations, he said that he was animated with the most sincere desire for their success and therefore was conducting them with his utmost good-will; that at first the Berlin Government did not support Prince Bülow, but was doing it now. The narrow-mindedness and obstinacy of the Austrian Government, however, was such as to make the failure of the negotiations quite possible.

ROME, *May* 1, 1915

Yesterday I had another talk with Signor Salandra. After having repeated to him what I had said before to Signor Sonnino concerning the negotiations, and in view of the allusion made by the President of the Council of Ministers to our possible participation in the war at no distant date, I insisted that the natural and artificial fortifications of Austria are such that, in the opinion of some expert alpinists and of certain secret agents abroad, these fortifications could not be reduced without a struggle of many months.

Signor Salandra cut off further discussion by answering that the General Staff entertained a diametrically opposite belief, and that he himself was inclined to support that opinion rather than mine.

ROME, *May* 4, 1915

In the course of these last few days rumors of the negotiations' failure and about our imminent declaration of war

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on Austria are gaining strength. Many colleagues have separately expressed to me their apprehensions on the subject and asked what they were to do. I answered invariably that, in my opinion, in the present delicate situation . . . each deputy ought to seek personal contact with some member of the Government in order that the latter may be fully informed of the opinions prevalent among the deputies. I also saw Signor Facta, who told me of his interview with Signor Giolitti, whom he found very confident that Italy will not declare war. I informed Signor Facta that there are many grave indications to the effect that such optimism is unfounded. Whereupon Signor Facta wrote to Signor Giolitti asking him to come to Rome and have an important conference with the Government.

ROME, *May* 8, 1915

This morning I went to see Signor Sonnino and told him what is being said in the Chamber. . . . When I asked him about the international situation, Sonnino said he was unable to tell me anything whatever. . . . I said that I should think it most opportune for Signor Giolitti to have an exchange of views with the Government. But Signor Sonnino answered me that he wished to keep aloof from such a conference as well as from any other negotiations of a parliamentary character, and that I had better address myself to Salandra.

ROME, *May* 9, 1915

Giolitti arrived this morning. About eleven o'clock in the morning Signor Facta and I went to his house in order to explain the situation to him. As Facta and I were leaving, a note from Signor Carcano was handed Signor Giolitti, in which the writer asked for an appointment with him during the day. Giolitti instantly gave his consent. Although it was evident that Carcano intended to speak in the name of the Government, I still thought that it would be very useful to come in direct contact with Salandra. Consequently I decided to see the President of the Council of Ministers.

He received me in the afternoon, and it was agreed that we should have a personal conversation at his residence to-morrow at four o'clock.

Signor Giolitti, answering my question, said that he could not form a clear understanding of the international situation from the few vague things told him by Carcano.

ROME, *May* 11, 1915

Signor M. showed me a sheet of paper containing the Austrian concessions to Italy — much larger than those announced by the press a few days ago. I advised my friend to bring the matter to the knowledge of the Government, and as he seemed unwilling to make a personal communication I urged Giolitti to do it. He consented.

I asked Giolitti about the result of his interview with the President of the Council of Ministers. He said it was a most cordial talk, which lasted about an hour and a half. He set forth to Salandra all his arguments against war, insisting on the unavoidable serious opposition of the South, whose upward development would be checked in case Italy took part in the campaign. Giolitti assured me that Salandra declared he was greatly impressed by his arguments, and expressed his firm belief that war would be avoided. When taking leave of him, I asked him about his recent interview with the King. Giolitti said that in his interview with the King he raised the same objections against war and that, as I had been informed before by Salandra,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the King asked him to make his communication to Salandra. A brief reflection satisfied me that Giolitti's interview with Salandra was not at all reassuring.

The opening session of the Chamber of Deputies is drawing near. My deputy friends come to see me one after the other, anxious for instructions. Voices are heard denouncing the Triple Alliance and favoring a declaration of war against Austria. On the other hand, some government officials say that the Government has taken no decisive steps and is not going to take any, but will let the Chamber decide the matter uninfluenced. Clearing up the situation, however, seems to be a matter of urgent importance. I went to see Signor Giolitti and shared with him my unfavorable impression from his last interview with Salandra, and my conviction that he should have another one; but all my persistence was in vain.

ROME, *May* 12, 1915

This afternoon I have been to see Signor Giolitti in order to tell him about the violent attacks of which I have been made the object by some important periodicals, and also to find out if any news had reached him. He communicated to me the contents of a short letter he had sent to *La Tribuna*, which is going to be published to-night. We both agreed, however, that nothing remained to be done but wait for the now inevitable development of events.

ROME, *May* 15, 1915

Yesterday at half past twelve the son of Signor Fradeletto and I stepped to the rear platform of an electric street-car intending to leave it. We did not notice that a small crowd of demonstrants was trying to break the police chain and enter the Corso in order to reach the Austrian Embassy. Some of these people saw me, and my attention was suddenly drawn by shouts: 'It 's Signor Bertolini! Let 's go and make him a hostile demonstration!' Some thirty men jumped upon the street-car, which was ready to move on, and displaced the trolley. An editor of *La Tribuna*, who was still on the platform, closed the outer door; young Fradeletto pushed me inside the car, and together with Signor Maggioni of the Ministry of the Interior and others prevented the demonstrants from penetrating into the car, a few windows of which they had already broken with their canes. During the demonstration the men cried: 'Here is one that sold out to Austria! He betrayed his country! Let him come out and defend himself!' I stayed calm and answered this invitation by negative gestures.

ROME, *May* 18, 1915

For a few days the newspapers have been printing absurd calumnies on my account. Following the advice of some friends, I thought it proper to send a letter to *La Tribuna* and *Il Giornale d'Italia* in which I decidedly proved the falsity of these reports and also alluded to the line of conduct which seems to me desirable under the present circumstances. In fact, as early as the fourteenth of May, D'Annunzio made a speech in which he divulged the information — which he called undeniable and definite — that the Government had concluded an agreement with the Entente, and that it had 'assumed serious and important obligations made more significant by an exchange of strategic plans and of a design of combined military action.'

After this, many confirming reports were received to the effect that even in the later part of April an exchange of telegrams took place between the King of Italy and the heads of the Entente States, which imposed such

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

definite obligations upon Italy that to prevent her imminent entry into the war would require a coup d'état — that is, the revocation of international agreements made by the sovereign exercising the prerogatives granted him by the Statute. This irrevocable situation does not admit any alternative. It imposes on me the duty to conceal in my inmost self my contradictory opinions, and to give my coöperation to a national war which has been virtually decided upon for about a month. . . .

A KING ON TRIAL

BY CHARLES VELLAY

From *Journal de Genève, February* 9
(Swiss Liberal Democratic Daily)

Along with many another gift, M. Venizelos has that of discovering agreeable formulas. Several years ago, when he wished to stave off the onrush of republicanism that threatened to overwhelm him, he appeased the impatience of his friends by pointing out to them that King Alexander's reign was not a monarchial régime, but merely a 'crowned republic,' and since that time a good many Greeks sincerely believe that a monarchy, provided only it be a constitutional monarchy, is not a monarchy at all, but a republic.

To-day, when the same republican current is again beginning to flow and with still more force than under King Alexander, M. Venizelos has dug up another formula to prevent the inauguration of an Hellenic Republic. He has asked his supporters to give monarchy a last trial, until 1925, after which, if the experiment is successful, they will continue in the same way, or if it turns out ill they will have the republic. At the present moment, Greece is in the odd situation of having a 'king on trial.'

Such a conception, it must be said, by no means increases the prestige of the reigning monarch, who, in his palace, is a little like a transitory guest, hardly knowing whether his position is final or provisional. But his position corresponds well enough with that disposition which most Greeks possess for coming to a compromise with men and with situations. Did not a former Minister tell me recently that he believed for his part he had found a satisfactory means of solving the difficult question of the form of government, and his compromise consisted in satisfying both Royalists and Republicans by proclaiming the republic immediately, and stating at the same time that it should not come to pass until the death of King George II, the present ruler.

But all these formulas — those of M. Venizelos like the others — do not contrive to cure the malady: that is to say, the instability of the government. Whether it is really desired or not and whatever individual sentiment may be, there is no denying that the present state of affairs is necessarily transitory. If the monarchist tendency triumphs,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it will inevitably lead to the strengthening of the King's power and position; for a King who — like the present monarch — is set apart from affairs of state without influence, without authority, and so thoroughly separated from the nation that the mourning for his father does not pass the gate of his palace, can hardly perform for his country the rôle of regulator which has naturally come to be that of a constitutional monarch.

If, on the other hand, the republican movement succeeds, every monarchical form — no matter how reduced, even if no more than a travesty of itself — will be done away with. Both sides seem to desire a consultation of the voters, who would put an end to the controversies by the supreme voice of the country itself. It is the revolutionary leaders who now oppose this, for the moment at least, because, being responsible for the work that they have undertaken and resolved to carry through to success, they do not wish to compromise their work by handing it over unfinished to the caprices of an election.

Moreover, such a régime as the 'monarchy on trial' has other dangers besides those of lessening the sovereign's prestige and lengthening a period of political uncertainty from which it is the interest of the country to emerge as soon as possible. It is not fair to let a monarchy which has no constitutional power bear the responsibility of all that may happen during its period of trial. If, during these two years of proof for which M. Venizelos asks, the country undergoes new reverses, new wars, or new territorial losses, or if public opinion at home continues to split into two camps, Royalist and Republican, and to wear itself out with internal struggles, it is the monarch who will be called to account. On the other hand, if the country goes from one period of prosperity to another, it is the monarch who will benefit. It is a very simple way to reason, but it is unjust at bottom, unconstitutional, and in any event it is no guaranty for the future.

The truth that lurks under all this discussion of formulas corresponds far more closely to M. Venizelos's political cabinets. Those who know him best firmly believe that his mind is completely made up to come back to Greece and take charge of affairs if circumstances are favorable. Though his personal attitude is not hostile to a republic, he believes that it will be easier to govern a people who are not always tractable with a king, by using the Crown to deal with the Royalists. By talking about a crowned republic or an hereditary president to the republicans, and at all events by avoiding in this way too troublesome a parliamentary control, he hopes to gather into his hands all the resources of the state and all the forms of authority without having all their handicaps. If in the proposed interval King George has shown himself sufficiently resigned to his lot as a sovereign and sufficiently pliable, M. Venizelos will come back in 1925 as the Prime Minister of this complaisant monarch. If the opposite proves to be the case, M. Venizelos, strong in the unpopularity that the King will have drawn upon himself, will return to crush him.

However definite these calculations appear, they do include one element of the unknown which is certainly not to be neglected. In the first place, it is entirely possible that the Republicans, not all of whom are Venizelists by any means, may refuse to pay any heed to the demands of the former President of the Council and may set up a republic of their own in their own way, without waiting until M. Venizelos is disposed to lend them his aid. Then, too, it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not at all certain that the King will long consent to the rôle of novitiate that they presume to impose on him. All the old supporters of Constantine, their numbers increased by other and more moderate groups, are actively at work to set up again the régime of yesterday to the profit of King George, and whether by force or by the ballot, it is not wholly outside the realm of the probable that they may succeed in it. This is so true that if M. Venizelos, whose authority has at best diminished, lets the suitable hour slip by, he runs the risk of finding himself to-morrow confronted with a wholly new situation, such as he by no means anticipates.

HELMUTH VON MOLTKE

THE VANQUISHED OF THE MARNE

BY ZUBERKLOSS

[*An extract from the memoirs of the first Chief of Staff of the German armies in the World War was printed in the* Living Age *of January 20. Since then the official version of the memoirs has been published by General von Moltke's widow. The following article, from the picturesque pen of the military editor of Count Bernstorff's weekly, sheds much light on the character and tragic fate of the man who lost the battle of the Marne, and thereby the war.*]

From *Das Demokratische Deutschland, March 3*
(Hamburg Democratic Weekly)

Not the uncle who celebrated at Königgrätz and Sedan, but the nephew who lost the battle of the Marne. William II liked the Moltke family. He appointed two Moltkes as his personal adjutants — Count Kuno, who was later subjected to the same nasty charges as Philipp Eulenburg, and Helmuth, whom the Kaiser was accustomed to address in conversation and in letters as his 'dearest Julius.' The first got as far as being appointed Commandant of Berlin, the second became Chief of the General Staff.

When Helmuth von Moltke was named by the Kaiser as Count Schlieffen's successor, it was rumored that he at first refused the position, saying that he did not feel that he measured up to it; but the Kaiser reassured him, remarking that he would do well enough in time of peace, and in war he would run things himself anyhow. In those days the General Staff building was mockingly called the 'Molkerei (Milkshop) Limited,' a play on the General's name. Conrad von Hötzendorff records that Moltke himself told him that, at the time of his appointment, he asked the Kaiser whether His Majesty 'expected to win the big prize twice in the same lottery.' The Archduke Francis Ferdinand assured Hötzendorff that Moltke had been appointed on his recommendation, but, as Hötzendorff remarks, this was not in conformity with Moltke's letter to him. Now that Moltke's *Memories, Letters, and Docu-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments, 1877–1916, have been published in authentic form, the truth regarding this question may be regarded as settled.

The volume itself has a rather peculiar history. One of its most important features consists of certain notes made by Moltke in Homburg after the battle of the Marne. 'They are meant for my wife alone, and must never be published.' That was the General's own direction. Nevertheless, it was planned to publish them during the negotiations at Versailles, and only the energetic protest of General von Dommes, a particular friend of Moltke's, prevented this being done.

During the autumn of 1921 the 'anthroposoph' Rudolf Steiner, who at that time was in charge of the manuscript in the interests of the widow, considered himself justified in placing at the disposal of the French journalist, Jules Sauerwein, a personal friend, the main contents of the Homburg notes and certain other data for publication in *Le Matin*. This elicited German replies from Major-General von Haeften and State-Secretary von Jagow. This unauthentic text has now been followed by the authorized version, together with numerous other documents, the publication being ordered, 'in the interest of historical truth' by General von Moltke's widow, Eliza, a firm believer in the occultism of Steiner.

Just when and to what extent the General himself became a convert to 'anthroposophism' does not appear from the book. Haeften asserted that Moltke became interested in Steiner's theories after his retirement, on the occasion of a visit by Steiner in Homburg: but Steiner, in the issue of his periodical, *Dreigliederung*, of October 26, 1921, replied that he had been an intimate of the Moltke household ever since 1904. 'From the day of my visit in Homburg to his death he believed in me no more and no less than any time during the past ten years,' says Steiner. In any case the statement made by General von Gleich in a gathering at Stuttgart, to the effect that Moltke was unable to be present in the critical period of the battle of the Marne on account of an anthroposophical meeting in Luxemburg, is utter nonsense.

Moltke was a mystic, an enthusiast, an artist, and a brooder. He carried Goethe's *Faust* in his pocket and a good part of it in his head. He painted; he played the cello; he read philosophy and theology. He planned to translate Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and prepared a long series of reflections on Gor'kii's *Nachtasyl*. He penned letters dealing with conditions in Russia and other countries that would have done honor to the best periodicals. He was no psalm-singer; on the contrary he attacked orthodoxy very sharply. Neither was he a reactionary, although toward the first he indulged in frequent outbursts of criticism of the demos. He was no lick-spittle, with the sole ambition of swallowing all the ideas and opinions of his master. On the contrary, he possessed the virtue of 'courage before the throne.' And yet he became William II's right-hand man and Chief of the General Staff.

How did this come about? Not, according to his account, from any lack of self-confidence such as he has been charged with, nor out of any desire to be a mere tool in the hands of his imperial master. The great Moltke, his uncle, ascended, like him, step by step. In 1900 Helmuth was major-general (brigadier-general) and laughed at the proposed Chinese expedition as a 'crazy adventure.' 'What are we after in Peking?' he inquired. And again: 'We are exposed at any moment to some brain-storm (literally "will-explosion") that is absolutely irrespon-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible.' He is very much against this 'Peking adventure,' as he records on July 7, and he expresses himself in this sense to the Kaiser 'quite brutally.' And yet on July 10 he is already writing his wife that he has asked for the command of the Chinese expedition. But Waldersee received the position, and the very next day we find Moltke confessing that only money greed made him want to help 'cut the Chinese cake.'

January 1, 1904, he became assistant to the Chief of the General Staff, and on January 18 he writes: 'Count Schlieffen asks my advice once in a while, and it almost never agrees with his. A bigger contrast there could not be.' On February 29, 1905, Prince Bülow asks him whether he is n't going to take Schlieffen's place soon, as he does n't seem to get on very harmoniously with him. Moltke replies diplomatically that he 'hopes this cup may pass from him,' but is much annoyed afterward to hear that the Chancellor has reported to the Kaiser his disinclination to take Schlieffen's place. He immediately asks for an audience, and learns that the Kaiser has, as a matter of fact, picked him out as the next General Staff chief. The monarch did n't want Goltz, and didn't know Beseler well enough. Schlieffen himself had declared that he could suggest no better successor than Moltke. His great-uncle had once said: 'It was n't a matter of being a genius, but of character.' 'I can only tell you,' said the Kaiser, 'that I have the fullest confidence in you.'

Moltke, the nephew, was grateful for this confidence, but begged permission to express a certain hesitation. This sprang not so much from any feeling of inadequacy—although he was certainly a very severe critic of himself and his own attainments—but from the Kaiser's own possible interference. The Kaiser was very fond of strategical war-games, which ended regularly in the capture of hostile armies of five or six hundred thousand men. 'I am not up to that sort of thing.' The number of officers who were willing to command in these manœuvres against the Kaiser was continually growing smaller, because everybody knew he would only be led to the slaughter. Confidence in the war lord was being seriously impaired. Schlieffen had said, 'When the Kaiser commands, he 's got to win.' He, Moltke, was of the opinion that 'Your Majesty ought on general principles never to command, even in manœuvres.'

The Kaiser listened to this frank and detailed sermon of his 'dearest Julius' with astonishment though not ungraciously, but remained the whole evening very taciturn and thoughtful. All the same, at the very next court ball there appeared 'another piece of the Middle Ages.' 'It is as if the dead had come to life again in all their wigs and powder,' remarks Moltke. And six months or so later followed an elaborate blessing of the standards. 'We appear still to believe that we are going to win in a war to the death by flourishing a few pieces of embroidered cloth,' writes the General, who is scandalized at the childish playing with gold braid, which only prevented the free handling of the rifle, and uniforms so gorgeous that every drill looked like a parade on the stage. 'Decoration is the motto of the day, and from behind all this foolery grins the gorgon head of the war that lowers above us like a thundercloud. And no vision, no stopping on this dangerous route; it is going from bad to worse.' However, during the next manœuvre the Kaiser allowed Moltke free play, and on January 1, 1906, made him Chief of the General Staff of the Army.

Schlieffen had left to his successor the 'Secret of Victory'—in other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

words, the well worked-out plan of a Cannæ in a two-front campaign. In regard to this mystery the world has learned something new from Messrs. Steiner and Sauerwein, which is the reason why the publication was prevented at the time of the Versailles Treaty negotiations. It is the sensational disclosure that the Schlieffen plan of march of the German armies led them, not only through Belgian territory, but also through Dutch. Concerning this extraordinary fact, not even a hint had ever come out, in all the mass of writings of German military historians about Schlieffen and about the Marne. The German 'anthroposoph' was the one who considered it his duty to put his friend, the French journalist, in possession of the actual facts.

General von Haeften answered this on October 9, 1921, to the effect that Schlieffen had indeed mentioned the theoretical possibility of a route through Holland, from motives of purely operative expediency, but 'only on the supposition that, in case of hostilities, Holland should voluntarily ally herself with Germany,' and that Schlieffen, at Bülow's request, had refrained from any further consideration of the plan.

But Moltke himself, in his notes of November 1914, which we are now in possession of, gives quite a different version of the matter: 'Even under my predecessor, Count Schlieffen, the advance through Belgium had been worked out,' he writes. Not because Belgium had renounced her neutrality — this is an invention — but because a military decision could not be forced or guaranteed without a violation of Belgian territory. 'Count Schlieffen,' says Moltke, 'even wanted to march the right wing of the German army through Southern Holland. I altered this, so as not to range Holland on the side of our enemies.'

He adds, in some notes written in the summer of 1915, that, according to the Schlieffen plan, the German right wing was to proceed via Roermond. Schlieffen was of the opinion that Holland would limit herself to a formal protest, but Moltke remarks: 'I entertained very serious doubts in regard to this proposal; I did not believe that Holland would remain quiet in the face of a violation of her territory. . . . The march through Belgium, in my opinion, was only possible on the supposition of a strictly neutral Holland.'

Think for a moment what might have become of the movement against Antwerp if a hostile Holland had thrown open her coast line to the British fleet and troops, and there had been no neutrality of the Scheldt! Moltke enumerates a whole series of important reasons which led him to modify Schlieffen's plan of campaign, in spite of the fact that the elimination of Holland greatly increased his difficulties. The violation of Belgian neutrality does not appear to have burdened his conscience in the slightest.

To what extent the Kaiser and the Chancellor approved either the original or the modified plan of attack through the low countries, does not appear. Steiner told Sauerwein that Moltke, in answer to the question whether the Kaiser was aware of the manner in which things were going, replied, 'Never. He was altogether too much of a gossip. He would have told the whole world about it.' In Moltke's book we find nothing to confirm this story. General von Haeften declares it self-evident that the Chief of the General Staff, as in the case of all basic questions of policy, naturally consulted the Kaiser in regard to the march through Belgium, after securing the approval of the political authorities that were responsible for the foreign policy of the nation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bülow stated in 1921 that he was a friend of both Moltke and Schlieffen, and said: 'Possibly I might have been persuaded of the military necessity of a march through Belgium . . . but only in the case of an enemy doing it first, or of a hostile act on the part of Belgium.' Bethmann-Hollweg in any case must have known about the intended violation of Belgium as early as 1912, through the memorandum which he received from the General Staff. He opposed the scheme, but Moltke declared it to be militarily compulsory, and 'I was obliged to bring my mind into harmony with his.' So the Chancellor afterward confessed.

Even at the very last moment Bethmann-Hollweg tried to prevent the march into Belgium, in view of a — visionary — understanding with England. Moltke gives us a dramatic description of the circumstances attending this period of hesitation — about how the Kaiser forbade the march into Luxemburg; how he tried to throw the whole scheme of concentration out of gear by starting east instead of west; how, when Moltke pointed out that this was impossible and would make disorganized mobs out of our armies, the Kaiser remarked dryly, 'Your uncle would have given me a different answer!' And how Moltke was in despair and actually wept, and — marched through Belgium after all!

First to Liége, which, according to Moltke's plan, was to be taken by storm. But when the full success of the movement appeared to be doubtful, the Kaiser, so General-Quartermaster von Stein testifies, bitterly reproached Moltke: 'Now, you see, you've brought the English down on me without any reason!' 'Next day,' says Moltke, 'when the news of the capture of the city arrived, I was rapturously kissed.' Once more he was the Kaiser's 'dearest Julius.' But he never got over that reprimand. And he worried himself sick when the Kaiser could not be got to the front, but remained in Berlin steeped in the spirit of 'hurrah and glory.' Moltke saw the catastrophe coming.

It came, so far as he was concerned, with the battle of the Marne. He has published a special statement on this subject in which he denies having sent the much-discussed order to retreat by Lieutenant-Colonel Hentsch, just as Hentsch has denied having delivered it. Steiner told his friend Sauerwein that, in the course of manœuvres in peace time, Moltke had on several occasions recommended a careful advance to General von Kluck, who had gone forward three times too fast, saying to Kluck each tme, 'If you advance as fast as that in a real battle, we shall lose the war.' In Moltke's book we find nothing about this. He acknowledges that it was a mistake to detach two army corps for use on the eastern front. Who will say that the result on the Marne would have been different if this mistake had not been made? Who can pretend to know? Tolstoi, in his classic, *War and Peace*, has shown how cold facts often put to shame the most carefully prepared strategy.

With the loss of the battle of the Marne the war itself was really lost. Moltke fell ill and was sent home, where he gave himself up to despair and bitterness toward his war lord, whom he blamed. He attacked his successor, Falkenhayn, who, Moltke wrote the Kaiser, possessed neither talent nor character. We can imagine what kind of reply he received. For, before the arrival of this reply, he received a telegram directing him not to open it, but to await the arrival of General von Plessen, who would explain everything. This letter of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kaiser's was returned unopened to General von Plessen by Moltke's widow after her husband's death.

Moltke lived but a short time after his disgrace. He was a broken man, disappointed with his Kaiser, though more in sorrow than in anger. As a professional soldier he is, in his notes, unjust toward Bethmann-Hollweg. He passionately condemns the war of position. He did not wish to appear obtrusive, and yet he apparently hoped to be called back to his old position, which Hindenburg also favored. But he was not once approached; his advice was never asked. 'My martyrdom is bitter,' he writes in the paper that was not intended for publication.

Moltke founded the 'German Society' (*Deutsche Gesellschaft*), to bring together the leaders of every party. And on the eighteenth of July, 1916, after he had finished a funeral address in honor of Field-Marshal von der Goltz in the Reichstag Palace, he fell dead. He was spared the bitterness of witnessing the end of the World War, the end of the monarchy, the flight of his Kaiser to Holland. He died of heart disease — of a broken heart.

Likely enough that he was not his uncle's equal; likely enough that neither Kaiser nor folk can win the grand prize in the lottery twice. He was hardly the war fanatic that his correspondence with Conrad von Hötzendorff, in 1909, and some of his critical writings would seem to make him out. Possibly he mistook his vocation, and was not born to be a military commander. But to say that he was nothing but a smooth and suave courtier, a submissive satellite, is a libel that slaps history in the face. He did err, and very seriously — worst of all by his plan to violate the neutrality of Belgium, which brought down upon Germany the anger of the entire world. But who would be the doer of his own deeds? Moltke was a man of high qualities, and, though a child of his times and a product of his surroundings, yet of real nobility of character, in spite of his weaknesses.

Where is the limit between guilt and fate? The last word will be history's.

ITALY AND FRANCE

BY LUIGI LUZZATTI

From *Corriere della Sera, March* 10
(Milan Liberal Daily)

It would be an excellent thing if a committee of independent experts, in order to forestall in time what might become irreconcilable divergencies between our two countries, compiled a list of those useless contentions which obtrude themselves all too often — starting with the rejection by the French Chamber of the treaty concluded with Italy in spite of Gambetta's championship. The number of these errors and the losses caused by them would be enormous, and would constitute a valuable object-lesson for the present and the future.

To-day an opportunity presents itself to put an end to two annoying economic problems, which have been ag-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gravated by a long period of controversy, and which have even taken on a political character. We speak of the treatment accorded to Italians at Tunis, and of the solution — so often sought but never achieved, easy though it is — of certain customs questions. When we consider that an agreement, imperfect and incomplete as it was, but still a tolerable agreement, was reached as far back as in 1896, — even before the commercial treaty of 1898, which in its turn had put an end to a long customs quarrel between two countries destined by their traditions and their common frontiers to work harmoniously together, — a multitude of anxious questions arises in our minds: questions of such vital importance as the allegiance of the Italian inhabitants of Tunis; compensation for the great assistance given by Italians toward civilizing those insurgent lands; the right of Italians to educate their children in their own independent schools; their participation in public activities on an equal basis with the French, and other judicial and social guaranties; finally the protection of our splendid fishermen, now so unfairly treated.

Even those Italians most favorably disposed toward, and in fact resolved to come to a real understanding with, France, ask themselves to-day how it could happen that these controversies were not eliminated when, in 1915, Italy came to the assistance of France and her Allies, at a sacrifice the extent of which is perhaps still ignored abroad. However, we now hear of an imminent customs agreement — and not that alone, but a general union — of Tunis with France, which, without an immediate and clear understanding, would only aggravate our situation. Visconti Venosta, and the writer of these lines, who were, respectively, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Minister of Finance, had found in 1896 a much more favorable situation, in spite of many difficulties to be overcome, than the one that existed during and after the war which the two countries waged side by side for the prevention of German hegemony.

The memory of French and Italian blood shed together on battlefields ought, when transferred to the harvest-fields of Tunis, to work miracles.

There is another question begging for a solution: namely, the completion of a commercial agreement which, as appears from the last negotiations, in spite of the capabilities of the Italian representatives, is decidedly favorable to France. It will suffice to say that in the matter of exports, in which France's attitude is the same as that of Switzerland, the French have obtained, thanks to the Swiss-Italian agreement, and without any quid pro quo, the benefit of the numerous and drastic cuts introduced in our tariff. Hence it is imperative, for the sake of sincere political friendship and economic peace, to follow the just advice of the Senate Commission, to which Signor Ettore Conti made his excellent and well-argued report that has frankly been accepted by our level-headed Minister of Commerce, who has vouched for its beneficial influence upon future negotiations.

What advantage would it be to France to send us defective and diseased silkworm eggs that would ruin our sericulture, which, in spite of many difficulties, is still the most excellent in the world? And, as far as the silk-mills are concerned, why has the agreement not been kept that was made in August 1915 at the Convention of the Villa d'Este, where Italy's principal silk-growers sat side by side with such statesmen as Barthou, Pichon, Georges Raphael Levy, Landry, and others? This Convention had also accepted the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

helpful suggestion of Giulio Rubini, this man of remarkable character and technical genius, whose voice was silenced too soon to be of assistance to his country. Silk, on which the enormous duty has now been actually increased to six lire per kilogramme, was taxed by that Convention at only one and a half lire per kilogramme. At that time French and Italian weavers had agreed upon an equal tariff for both sides.

I have never understood why France and Italy failed to bring peace into the great silk industry even during the war. The leaders of this industry ought now to unite and renew the suspended negotiations between Italy and Japan. These negotiations were recommended by the members of the commission for the investigation of Italy's silk trade; and their initiator still believes that they represent a favorable economic alliance between Europe and Asia in one of the fundamental branches of production.

The Franco-Italian agreements which I mentioned, if they were frank, exhaustive, and durable, would give added force to the League of Nations; for this organization implies the need of agreements reached in good faith. The system of reticence and jealousy, either open or secret, leads to mutual impoverishment — a calamity of which the Allies themselves are witnesses, accomplices, and the principal instigators as well.

A SKETCH OF MY LIFE

BY LEON TROTSKII

From *Avanti, March* 3
(Milan Official Socialist Daily)

I was born on October 26, 1879, in the village of Yanovka, Kherson Government, in the house of my father, who was a small landowner. When I was nine I entered the Scientific School Pavlovskoe in Odessa, where I was a diligent pupil, always first in my class. While in the second grade I was temporarily expelled from school for having organized a 'protest' against the French teacher. Perhaps this was an omen of my future bad relations with the French, then our closest political allies. When I passed to the seventh grade I went to Nikolaev, where for the first time in my life I came in contact with advanced circles and revolutionary ideas. There lived in the town a Czech gardener, Franz Franzovich Khvigorski, who grouped around him young men of the most radical views.

At first I considered myself rather an opponent of Marxism than a supporter. This was in my seventeenth year. Having finished the Scientific School, after an unsuccessful attempt to be entered as a special student of the mathematical faculty of the University, I entered into closer relations with the workingmen of Nikolaev, who belonged to a religious body tinged with nationalist tendencies. Ivan Andreevich Mukhin exercised a great influence over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those people; even to-day, in spite of his years, he is a courageous supporter of the revolution.

The organization of the Nikolaev workingmen rapidly developed into a 'Labor Union of South Russia,' which published numerous proclamations and an illegal periodical, *Nashe Delo* (Our Cause). At that time all this was quite a new thing. Soon an analogous organization appeared at Odessa, and I was often obliged to travel between Odessa and Nikolaev, spending the day on the steamer and the night at one of these cities, looking up some revolutionary book, or in propaganda work. When the movement reached a certain point, the Union counting about two hundred and fifty workmen-members in Nikolaev, the police of Nikolaev discovered all about them through the work of two spies, and arrested nearly all the members. I was arrested January 28, 1898, on which date my prison experiences began. For some time they kept me in the Nikolaev prison, from which I was transferred to that of Kherson; in another three months came a transfer to Odessa, where I remained about two years. After that, sentenced to four years' exile in Eastern Siberia, I lived in various places of detention, spending on the whole about two and a half years in prison.

It was in prison that I definitely adopted the theoretical point of view of Marxism.

Of my four years of exile I spent two in the village of Ust-Kut, government of Irkutsk. At the beginning of the revolutionary disturbances of 1902 I escaped, by way of Irkutsk, after having forged for myself a false passport bearing the name of Trotskii. From this my pseudonym originated, which has now become my name. At Irkutsk I allied myself with the Social-Democratic Union of Siberia, for which I wrote proclamations. Afterwards I went to Samara, where I came in contact with the regional group of the organization *Iskra* (Spark), the object of which was to unite the scattered Social-Democratic elements. The Samara group entrusted me with secret missions to Kharkov, Poltava, and Kiev. From Kiev I went abroad, surreptitiously crossing the Austro-Russian frontier, and at Vienna made the acquaintance of Victor Adler and his son Frederic; then on through Zurich and Paris, where at that time was situated the editorial office of the *Iskra*, on which Lenin, Martov, and Potresov worked — how long ago it all seems now! — under the guidance of the old Social-Democratic leaders, Plekhanov, Axelrod, and Vera Zasoulich, who at that time lived in Switzerland.

From the later part of 1902 till February 1905, I belonged to the editorial staff of the *Iskra* abroad and used to visit the Russian labor and student groups in the European cities as propagandist and lecturer.

At the Second Social-Democratic Congress I, together with Dr. Mandelberg, represented the Siberian Union. When the Congress split into majority and minority, I took sides with the opposition, which later on developed into the *Mensheviki*. At Geneva I published a small book under the title, *Our Political Work*. However, when Menshevism began to delineate itself as a practical tendency toward the coördination of the proletarian forces with those of the bourgeoisie, in our epoch of bourgeois revolutions, I broke off every connection with it, and remained outside of both the Bolshevist and the Menshevist sections.

After the Ninth of January (1905), at the beginning of the revolutionary mass movement in Russia, I returned secretly, by way of Austria, to Kiev and later to Petrograd. There I devoted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

myself chiefly to literary work, writing for the Central Committee a considerable number of statements, proclamations, and so on. So far as the problem of the Russian Revolution was concerned, I adopted the attitude which I still consider as adequate: namely, I recognized that under the revolutionary conditions of the period, the grouping of forces inside Russian society ought to lead to a political domination of the proletariat; and that this labor régime, supported by the peasantry, could in no way confine itself within the limits of a bourgeois revolution; such limits would inevitably have to be broken down — a fact which, to judge by the course of events in the West, should be likely to provoke a complete social revolution.

The revolution of 1905–1906 found me in the Executive Committee of the Workingmen's Council of Petrograd. After the death of Khrustalev I was elected to the Presidency of the Committee.

At this period I was intimate with Parvus, whose great erudition is supported by a political and a literary talent exceptional indeed. In the Internationale and in Russian politics he defended revolutionary principles of class-against-class struggle; he was an irreconcilable enemy of opportunism, and most of all, of the German Social-Democrats of the Right. Together we directed the *Gazette Russe*, a widely circulated organ of great importance published at the time of the defeat of the Soviet of Workingmen's Deputies and the revolution of 1905. We also determined the tendency of the daily *Nachalo* (Beginning), to which Martov and other friends contributed.

On December 3, 1905, the entire Petrograd Soviet of Workingmen's Deputies was arrested at the headquarters of the Free Economic Society. The bloody era of counter-revolution was beginning. I myself spent some time at the Petrograd prison of *Kresty* (The Crosses), later in the Peter and Paul Fortress, then in the House of Detention, and finally, after I had been sentenced, at the Station for the Deported. Our trial lasted for nearly a month and was one of the most important political trials, because of the great number of persons indicted and of the importance of the charges set against them. The principals in the trial were sentenced to be deprived of all civil rights and to be deported to Siberia for life.

When in prison I wrote several small works which were published. Among these were the compilation *Our Revolution*, and the *History of the Soviet of Workingmen's Deputies of Petrograd*, this latter having been written in collaboration with some companions.

In February 1906, we were sent on our way to Obdorsk, in Eastern Siberia. Thanks to a complicated stratagem I succeeded in interrupting my voyage by being taken to a hospital at Berezov, from which I escaped after seven days. This flight in a sledge across a desert of snow, from Berezov to the Urals, has remained one of the most beautiful memories of my life. My driver was a Siberian who, aided by some kind of mysterious instinct, found the right direction in the desert and discovered native settlements when we needed them. I crossed the Urals together with a customs official, in his closed sleigh, representing myself as an engineer belonging to the Arctic expedition of Baron Toll. On the eleventh day, to the bewilderment of my friends, I appeared at Petrograd.

I stayed about three months in Finland, where I published a memoir on my voyage to Siberia. Then, in the summer of 1907, I went to London by way of Sweden, to participate in the Congress of the Russian Social-Demo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cratic Party. At this Congress I did not adhere to either the Bolsheviki or the Mensheviki, for a divergence in some essential points of view concerning the Russian Revolution estranged me from both. I then established myself at Vienna, from which I made frequent trips to Berlin, being in continuous relations with the Left of the German Social-Democrats. I contributed to the Central Organ of the German Party and to their theoretical periodicals, *Die Neue Zeit* and the Vienna *Kampf*. I made several lecture-tours in Europe, in this way maintaining personal relations with my Russian confrères and with the Western Socialists. At Vienna, in 1908, I published, together with Comrade Joffe and our former Comrade Skobelev, a popular journal, *Pravda* (Truth), which was being secretly sent into Russia. During the Balkan war I visited — in my quality of journalist — Serbia and Bulgaria. Later, during the Peace Conference of Bucharest, I went to Rumania. Thus I personally acquainted myself with the Socialist parties of the Balkans. In 1909 I published in German a book on *The Russian Revolution*.

The World War surprised me in Austria. On August 3, 1914, I was obliged, in order to avoid arrest, to leave the country together with my family inside of three hours, abandoning my books and manuscripts. I spent the first months in Zurich, where I published a small book in German, *The War and the Internationale*. This book was secretly introduced into Germany and caused there several arrests and a trial in which the author of the book was sentenced *in absentia* to several months' imprisonment. I left for France as a correspondent of the *Kievskaia Mysl* (Kiev's Thought). There I had to stay for two years, all the time being in close contact with the Left of the French Socialists and Syndicalists. Together with French delegates, I took part, in August 1915, in the Zimmerwald Conference.

With the aid of some Russian friends I directed at Paris a small Russian daily intended chiefly for readers from among Russian emigrants: *Nashe Slovo* (Our Word). This paper untiringly fought against chauvinist and opportunist tendencies of the Labor movement; and the French military censorship did not give us a moment's peace. Our journal was suppressed three times, and each time it reappeared under a new title.

At the end of September 1916, I was expelled from France, two French police inspectors accompanying me to the frontier. On this occasion my letter to the ex-Minister Jules Guesde was published in Paris. Ten days after my arrival in Spain I was arrested and put in prison, on a report of the French police, as a dangerous agitator. The police escorted me finally to Cádiz, where I lived for two months under surveillance. I was to be deported to one of the American republics, because England, Italy, and Switzerland had all of them refused hospitality to a Russian political emigrant, an internationalist exiled from France. At the end of December I embarked with my family in a steamer at Barcelona and not long after arrived in New York.

At New York I fought in the Socialist ranks mostly in the Russian and the German sections; worked in the American press; fought against the intervention of America in the war.

The news of the Russian Revolution interrupted me. Together with my family I took the first Norwegian steamer to Europe; but at Halifax the English military authorities inspected all steamers, and I was held, together with five other companions. We were interned in a war-prisoners' camp as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'agitators dangerous to the Allied cause.' After a month of detention, which I spent among German workers and sailors, the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies of Petrograd claimed my release through the Provisionary Government of Russia, whose Foreign Minister was Mr. Miliukov, and I regained my freedom.

Upon my return to Russia I devoted myself to organizing the United International Social-Democrats, and to the cause of their speedy union with the Bolsheviki, from whom no important differences separated us any longer. Common effort was imperative.

After the July revolt of 1917 the Kerenskii-Tseretelli-Skobelev Government caused me to be arrested on a charge of high treason. I spent some two months at the Kresty in Petrograd.

The rest is known.

EGYPT AND THE GREEKS

BY J. ALBERT FAURE

[M. Faure's article is especially interesting at this time when excavations of early Egyptian civilization in the Valley of the Kings and of pre-Greek civilization at Knossos are dividing the attention of the world. His view of the interrelationship of the two civilizations is not, however, so entirely new as he appears to believe. Certainly it was shared by that ancient Egyptian priest who remarked to Herodotus that the Greeks were merely imitative children — an opinion which Herodotus, like an honest man, reported.]

From *La Nouvelle Revue, February* 1
(LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

WHEN an idea has got its roots into men's minds by a long tradition and generations of instruction, no matter whether it is intellectual, æsthetic, moral or anything else, it is no longer examined to see whether it is sensible or not. From that time onward it has entered the domain of sanctified beliefs and attained the rank of a dogma, which it is sacrilege to discuss. That is the reason why so many famous men, so many scientists and philosophers, so many writers and thinkers, have held views of the origins of Hellenic civilization whose obvious falsity would instantly have struck minds less carefully prepared.

By virtue of this principle, it has long been held that Greek civilization, the mother of our Western civilization, was indebted to nothing save itself, underwent in its origin and during its later developments practically no influence coming from without. With varying degrees of emphasis, it has been repeated that in this privileged corner of the earth alone a chosen portion of humanity drew from its own inner depths all the marvels of art, literature, science and philosophy. It is the object of this article to show that it was not so, and that, especially in the field of philosophy, Greece was in a certain measure tributary to Egypt.

A complete demonstration is impossible, for the problem cannot be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wholly solved to-day; but is it not something to explain the basis on which it rests, and is it not something to bring even a single stone toward the structure that others will complete in times to come, when the science of Egyptology shall have made all the progress that we have a right to hope in view of the accomplishments of the men who have followed up Champollion and the earlier students?

Three great races, preëminent for their creative ability, worked together toward the founding of civilization: the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, and the pre-Greek peoples. It is to them that Greek culture properly so-called goes back; and in this collective work Egypt played a large part, its influence being exercised first of all upon the pre-Greek peoples, whose heirs were the Greeks of Ionia and the Greeks of classic times. Successful excavations in the island of Crete, in the Peloponnesus, and in Asia Minor on the site of the ancient city — or rather the ancient cities — of Troy, bear witness to the existence of civilizations already advanced at a period in the second and third milleniums before our era. These civilizations — or perhaps this civilization, for they have clearly characteristics in common — reveal an Oriental influence more or less marked. Thus, for example, one finds numerous resemblances between objects of Mycenæan art and specimens of Egyptian art, whether decorative or industrial.

There is definite proof that relations existed between the dwellers in continental Greece and the Egyptians, even if one prefers to regard Mycenæan art as influencing Egyptian, rather than the reverse. The palace at Knossos in Crete, which was laid bare by M. Evans, was probably constructed after an Egyptian model, and in conformity to the principles of Egyptian architecture. This palace must have been built between 2500 and 1800 years before our era, — probably about 2200 or 2000 within a few centuries, — which indicates that relations between the Greeks, or at least between their predecessors and the Egyptians, were very ancient. But there is more to come. Some 1200 or 1300 years B.C. — certainly sometime between 1000 and 1400 years, or during, before, and after the Trojan War — we see the peoples of Asia Minor joining in several leagues against Egypt. These were the Teucrians, the Danaeans, the Tyrrhenians, the Achæans, and the Siculi. It has even been asserted that the epic made in honor of a victory over the Syrians by the Pharaoh known as Rameses II, or Sesostris of the Nineteenth Egyptian Dynasty, must have inspired Homer's *Iliad*.

No doubt this epic must have made a great stir first of all — as is natural — in Egypt itself, since the text has been carved on several temples either in whole or in part, and then also because Asiatics who came in contact with the Nile civilization through war, trade, or simple treaties must certainly have carried echoes of it to the ears of the Greeks, who were then beginning to enter upon their historic rôle. But to conclude from this that the Egyptian epic necessarily influenced the formation of the *Iliad* is a very different thing; and in this respect an influence exercised by Egypt over Greece is so purely problematical that it is useless to attempt to discuss it.

But we leave hypothesis and enter the realm of fact when we observe a close likeness between the standing statue of Apollo found at Tenea near Corinth and Egyptian statues of the old empire — that is to say, the most ancient known period of Egyptian history. Now as an archaic style was fashionable in the later periods of Egyptian history, and as artists copied

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the masterpieces executed by their ancestors, the Greeks had every opportunity to imitate Egyptian models of every period and every school, even before King Psammetichus gave them free access to the Nile Valley. But still more striking is the almost identical pose of the seated statues called Branchides, which lined the Sacred Way leading to the temple of the Didymian Apollo at Miletus, and the seated statues of Egypt, some of which go back to the most distant ages, like those of Khephren of the Fourth Dynasty. The Milesian statues, like the Egyptian, have their hands on their knees, and hold their legs one against the other. One can easily see it by comparing them with the statues of Memnon set up by Amenophis III of the Eighteenth Dynasty, which antedated the Greek copies by several centuries, perhaps as much as eight hundred years. Such examples enable us to see how the early Greek civilization, or the pre-Greek civilization, and later on the brilliant Ionian civilization, were influenced by that of Egypt.

Thanks to Champollion's deciphering of the hieroglyphics, and thanks also to the work of the scientific men who after him gave their energy to bring old Egypt back to life, we are to-day in a position to form some idea of the texts that are written on stone or engraved upon papyrus. An ample collection of documents of every sort has been made by several generations of Egyptologists, who have enriched science by their discoveries and have set right numerous errors that had gained credence with regard to Egyptian civilization. Unfortunately, these documents, however abundant, certainly constitute no more than a little part of the numerous quantity of books heaped up in the libraries and temples of the Pharaohs; and so the task of filling up the gaps remains. That is why we find authors giving such different interpretations to Egyptian religion.

We are compelled to fall back on the documents that are at our disposal, and to draw from them such conclusions as in the present state of our knowledge may be considered probable, if not final. At least, we may be able to give a fairly satisfactory idea of the moral and intellectual civilization of Egypt in the first thousand years before our era, more especially in the seventh and sixth centuries — that is to say, at the time when the Greeks were finally coming into relations with the Egyptians. Let us then sketch in a general picture of this brilliant civilization; but before we do so, let us examine how the Greeks gained access to the Nile.

About the year 650 B.C., for political reasons which do not concern us here, the Pharaoh Psammetichus I, founder of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty, called in the Greeks from Asia Minor to his aid. From that time on, under this king and his successors, certain territories were granted to them at the mouths of the Nile. In the sixth century, the Pharaoh Amasis was especially noted for his phil-Hellenic policy. He assigned a district to the colonists on which they set up a whole Greek city called Naucratis. The Greeks, however, established themselves almost everywhere: at Memphis, at Abydos, and in the great oases. So Greeks of every origin — Ionians and Kariens from Asia Minor, island Greeks and Greeks from the continent itself, as well as Greeks from Cyrene — spread over all Egypt, since it was a favored land of amazing fertility, where life was very pleasant and very easy, not only in material resources but also in the peaceful and highly civilized character of the inhabitants. As M. Milhaud has said, it is a fact of supreme importance that only after this migration took

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place did Greek science and philosophy begin to flourish.

At this time Egyptian civilization was the wonder of foreign travelers. In spite of a previous political decadence that had lasted several centuries, and that made itself felt in all fields of human activities (though it has been somewhat exaggerated), the accession of the Twenty-sixth Dynasty was the signal for a veritable Renaissance of art, science, and literature, which recalled the flowering-time of Pharaohs of the past.

Lofty moral conceptions dominated society, inspiring a whole group of civil and criminal laws which were wisely arranged and won the admiration of all antiquity. Chapter 125 of the Book of the Dead, which includes the justification of the soul — the so-called negative confession before the tribunal of Osiris — and which provides us moderns with a summary of Egyptian morality, shows us how fine and lofty that moral sense was. With good reason this negative confession has been compared to the Decalogue of the Hebrews; and in the ancient authors who have come down to us, especially Herodotus and Diodorus, we find proof that this moral code had its reflection in Egyptian institutions. Diodorus would even have us believe that Solon borrowed some of his laws from the Egyptians, and this is indeed highly probable, in view of Egypt's overwhelming superiority to neighboring peoples, and the irresistible attraction which it could not fail to exercise over a young people eager to learn and endowed with the richest gifts, who had never yet given free rein to their creative power, but whose marvelous genius was to bloom a century after Solon.

Before the Greeks appear in authentic history, it was certainly the Egyptians who brought into the ancient world its most complete, most brilliant, and most charming civilization. Let us add that education was widely spread throughout the country. In addition to the priestly class, who had a monopoly in science and letters, a great number of scribes and state officials represent the cultivated element in the population. Each great city possessed one school or several, which were connected with the temples and formed real priestly colleges. It was to these famous cities, tradition says, that the greatest scholars and philosophers of Greece went. The most frequented were Saïs, Bubastis, Tanis, Heliopolis, Memphis, Hermoupolis, Abydos, and Thebes. The priestly college of Heliopolis had a reputation everywhere and the most illustrious Greeks went there as part of their education.

Under the Twenty-sixth Dynasty — that is from the accession of Psammetichus I to the death of Amasis and the taking of Egypt by the Persians, in other words, from 650 B.C. to 525 B.C. — the Greeks could visit the Valley of the Nile, live there, and study under the best conditions. And even later, under Persian domination, nothing prevented travelers, historians, and statesmen from traveling at ease through Egypt, studying its customs, arts, and religious beliefs, as the example of Herodotus shows.

Once we have shown the possibility of intellectual relations between Egypt and Greece, we must examine the nature of these relations. Of course it is not a question of establishing a direct inheritance of Egyptian ideas and conceptions by the early Greek philosophers. That is something we can hardly dream of in the present state of our knowledge. It is simply a matter of showing that Egyptian thought must have exercised some influence over Greek thought. On the other hand, it is equally necessary to avoid the opposite blunder of denying any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relationship of one country with those that surround it, or even with distant countries, especially when the latter are the homes of letters, art, and science, and when relations between them are easy, frequent, and exist during centuries.

In their ideas of a future judgment the Greeks certainly took over something from the Egyptians. Like the Egyptians, they believed in the existence and immortality of a wingèd soul. On Egyptian monuments and in the tombs, the soul has often been represented in the form of a bird with a human head. The Greeks must also have found the prototype of Elysium in the realm of the dead where Osiris reigned. Even the Greek name for it is curiously like the Egyptian word: Ialou, Aalou, or Ailou. Certainly there is no denying that there is a resemblance and almost a similarity of sound between a number of Egyptian words and a number of Greek words which stand for the same objects. Moreover, the Nile and the canals which the Egyptians imagined in the other world, in imitation of the real Nile and its earthly canals, served as models for the infernal rivers of the Greeks. The Egyptian origin of the Greek name for the dead, 'Rhadamanthus,' can hardly be doubted. It is exactly the Egyptian phrase 'Ra in Amenti' — that is to say, Ra, the Sun-God, in Amenti, the Egyptian future life. The Greek word, 'Charon,' for the infernal boatman on the Styx, is derived from the Egyptian word, 'Karon,' and it means a boat or a boatman. The judgment of the dead before the tribunal of Osiris and the stage properties of the judgment inspired similar beliefs which one discovers again among the Greeks. Above all, the weighing of the souls seems to have echoes in Homer.

The decorations on the shield of Achilles seem to have been suggested by Egyptian bas-reliefs. Numerous Greek legends seem to have been made out of elements borrowed from Egypt, such as the legend of Hercules, where the Egyptian sources are clear, or the legend of Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders — an idea whose origin seems to turn up again among the chief myths of the Egyptians.

The Greeks in their travels through Egypt had perpetually before their eyes the scenes painted or carved on the monuments, especially the temples. These representations were all they needed to exercise their imaginations, always so keen, so rich, and so plastic.

If from legends and religious beliefs we pass to more philosophic ideas, we shall still find traces of Egyptian influence over the Greeks. The idea of a justice above, which we find in Hesiod, is a highly Egyptian conception. The Greek Themis is nothing but the Egyptian Ma, the goddess of Truth and Justice, personification of the moral law and the rules that govern all society, the goddess to whom Pharaoh himself must yield obedience as to a transcendent and imperious will. Hesiod also makes us think of Egypt when he praises the life of toil, the practice of virtue, and when he advises brave and persevering endeavor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GOSPEL OF MOLIÈRE

BY PAUL GSELL AND FIRMIN GÉMIER

[*The French Academy has just admitted the word 'interview' to its dictionary as an official part of the French language, not without indignant outcry from those purists who call it English perversion of a French original. Whatever the word may be, the thing itself is popular enough in France. The present article is an interview by the distinguished critic Paul Gsell with the director of the second state theatre, the Odéon. Gémier is still more famous as an actor than he is as a producer. He was one of the first to take steps toward linking the relations with Germany, broken by the war, when he invited Max Reinhardt, the famous German producer, to direct the Wallenstein trilogy at the Odéon. His generous move, however, was blocked by the Ministry of Fine Arts. Gémier is the leading French practitioner of Reinhardt's method.*]

From *La Revue Mondiale, February* 1
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS SEMIMONTHLY)

THE performance of *Tartufe* at the Odéon was just coming to an end; Gémier, who had acted the leading rôle, had gone to his dressing-room.

It overlooked the Luxembourg — it was the second window on the façade —a thick curtain concealed it because it would not be fitting to have people in the street see an actor making faces in a mirror.

He had taken off his maroon costume, removed his wig, and was rubbing from his cheeks the vermilion paint with which he had given the impression of the 'vermilion mien' of Tartufe.

He did not speak. He was panting, as he generally does after most of his great rôles, in which the intellectual tension exhausts him at least as much as the mimicry of the drama. He asked, briefly, 'Did it go all right?'

For he is always afraid that he has not come up to the expectations of the public.

We reassured him.

Some time passed before he had entirely come back to earth. He throws himself so completely into his acting, he gets so deeply under the skin of the character, that it always takes him a little while after the play to shake himself free from this borrowed personality.

Having regained his breath, he explained his interpretation.

'I did not want to play Tartufe in a costume that reminded people of the clergy. Some actors have done this. Furthermore, they have been able to call to witness the intention of the author himself, who originally clothed his impostor in the fashion that many laymen who were affiliated with religious bodies used to affect. In one of his petitions to the King, Molière said that in order to pacify the susceptibilities of devout people he had changed the knave's appearance and had disguised him as a man of the world, with a little hat, long hair, a broad collar, sword at his side, and lace on his clothing.

'That new decking-out of a character was simply a concession of Molière's to his opponents.

'But I think that this generalizing of the Tartufe type amplifies the character much more than it weakens him.

'Because Tartufe is not to be found only among the devout. He is everywhere, in all conditions, in every path of life. How much do people in every

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

profession deceive their fellows by their affected enthusiasm for very respectable interests that they really despise!'

And Gémier suddenly added: 'In short, every time Tartufe is performed, it should be played in a different costume.'

This remark — at once so paradoxical and so true — brought a smile to our lips.

He continued: 'Tartufe's hypocrisy obviously ought to stand out in contrast between his exterior and his real nature.

'His exterior consists of the honeyed tone that he assumes, the soft words that he speaks, his exaggeratedly devout actions, and all his smooth manners.

'His true nature, which he reveals in spite of himself and which acute observers never miss, lies in his bestial instincts, his gluttony, his sensuality, and his avarice.

'The actor should take on a vile and coarse expression.

'He is "gross and fat." "He has a red ear and a florid complexion." Dorine makes fun of his repulsive "muzzle." He stuffs his mouth with food, he is a hard drinker. The outspoken serving girl gives us some even less savory details of his physiology.

'In order to give a better impression of his vileness, from time to time, when he sees his schemes succeeding and when his host lets himself be taken in by his mummery more and more, I turn around from the side of the room and then present the real face of Tartufe to the audience — a face in which the habitual kindly smile is suddenly replaced by an expression of ferocious rapacity. The public takes in these oblique glances almost at once and it understands what they mean.

'These double-faced rôles are always very interesting to the actor because they allow him to show his skill in changing, almost without transition, from one facial expression to another entirely opposite one.'

'I noticed,' I told him, 'your interpretation of the scene where Orgon is looking for a stick to beat his son with. You see a cudgel in one corner of the stage. You hasten to go and take it and hide it behind your back to prevent the father's seeing it in his anger. And when Orgon passes near you, turning lightly about, you allow him to see this club that he seizes from you in spite of the efforts that you pretend to make to keep hold of it.'

'If you like that detail, it is undoubtedly because the general idea of the part is latent in it: the character of a fraud who always gives his evil actions the appearance of being good. That is the whole point of which the actor should never lose sight and which should prompt his smallest movements.'

He continued: 'There is an altogether new romantic touch to this play that we also find in *Don Juan*, written a short time later, a touch that will remain unique in the theatre of Molière.

'Tartufe is *der Teuffel* — the Devil.

'Molière has conceived in this case of a being who is greater than man, a being who is the very incarnation of evil. It is the Sin that entices human creatures away from virtue.

'Undoubtedly there would be no need of exaggerating this impression, for the art of our great genius of comedy blends reason and moderation and achieves a colossal effect in much the same way that Shakespeare, for instance, does the same thing by joining together mystery and terror.

'One can only deny, however, by referring to his antecedents, that Tartufe is an unforeseen character in the comedies of Molière. The law-exempt ecclesiastic who collars him says that he recognizes in this humbug

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Un fourbe renommé
Dont sous un autre nom l'on était informé.
Et c'est un long détail d'actions toutes noires
Dont on pourrait former des volumes d'histoires.

(A scoundrel known before by other names,
Whose horrid crimes, detailed at length, might fill
A long-drawn history of many volumes.)

'Under this scrutiny of Tartufe's past, does n't one remember the life of an escaped galley-slave who has borrowed the trappings of the most ardent piety that he may avoid the hand of the law all the more easily? And is n't this whiff of the prison singular in an eighteenth-century work?

'It is certain that the plots of this Tartufe, of this demon, arouse an almost supernatural agony. He is an octopus that wraps his tentacles, little by little, around an entire family. You watch this slimy process of enlacement. The sight is appalling, to the point of physical oppression. The suckers are applied, one by one, with inexorable sureness. The impostor first takes possession of the father, he wins his promise for the hand of his daughter, he attempts to seduce his benefactor's wife. He gets his host to present him with all his goods. And the octopus, logically, definitely victorious, ought to drag down his prey.

'But it appears that Molière wanted to play on the nerves of the audience. He conceded them a happy ending so as not to keep them under the obsession of a horrible nightmare.

'That is the extraordinarily picturesque and dramatic theme that has to be set forth when *Tartufe* is put on the stage. It is a question of bringing out the romanticism that tinges this play and sets it apart, on the outskirts of the classic drama whose colors seldom stand out so fiercely.'

When I asked Gémier what end he thought Molière wished to achieve when he wrote this play, he said: 'It has been widely discussed. And people will discuss it for a long time to come, don't forget that.

'Did he only wish to combat hypocrisy? Did he even go so far as to throw in the question of religion?

'The second opinion, you know, was held by many of his contemporaries. A group was formed in opposition to him, and the protestations of the religious party determined Louis XIV to forbid for five years public performances of *Tartufe*, which he had himself applauded at Versailles.

'The monarch finally came to the conclusion that this comedy could do no harm to religion and confined itself to attacking fraud.

'None the less, judgment of the question has always been suspended; and people have not yet stopped asking whether the author of *Tartufe* was religious, or whether, as it was said at the time, he was a powerful free spirit, what we call a freethinker.

'When you want to understand a writer's ideas, I think that the best thing to do is to question the writer himself. We should, therefore, consult Molière on the subject with which we are occupied.

'His mildest adversaries blame him for having put religion on the stage. They think that it was a matter that should be confined to the church and rigorously forbidden in the theatre.

'In the preface of the 1669 edition, Molière replied to them in one of the most beautiful essays that have ever been written on the social mission of dramatic art.

'You will read there about the holy origins of the theatre, and about its rôle as a moral force, in a passage that attests to Molière's lofty ambition in his profession.'

Gémier picked up a book of Molière's that was lying on a table and read the following extract: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'It would not be difficult to show that among the ancients comedy had its origin in religion and formed a part of their mysteries; that our neighbors the Spaniards never celebrate a religious festival in which a comedy is not given; that even in our own country it owes its birth to a *confrérie* — that of the Passion — to which the Hôtel de Bourgogne still belongs; that opportunity was found there to represent in dramatic form the most important mysteries of the faith . . . and that without searching so far, the sacred plays of M. Corneille, which are the admiration of all France, have been played in our own time.

'Molière, therefore, claimed for dramatic art the right to treat religious subjects. Better still, he apparently says that the noblest task of the theatre is to fortify the spiritual principles that all society needs in order to live.

'In writing *Tartufe*, he certainly wanted to serve religion — at least the religion in which he believed.

'How has he accomplished this task?

'The play is constructed like most of his masterpieces.

'Between two blameworthy characters, Tartufe and Orgon, who represent hypocrisy and credulity respectively, he has placed a well-poised intelligent character, Cléante, the brother-in-law of Orgon, who is the reasoner in the play and who interprets the author's thought.

'What does Cléante say?

Les hommes, la plupart, sont étrangement faits:
Dans la juste nature, on ne les voit jamais.
La raison a pour eux des bornes trop petites.
En chacque caractère, ils passent les limites,
Et la plus noble chose ils la gâtent souvent
Pour la vouloir outrer ou pousser trop avant.

(Men, for the most part, are strange creatures, truly!
You never find them keep the golden mean;
The limits of good sense, too narrow for them,
Must always be passed by, in each direction;
They often spoil the noblest things, because
They go too far, and push them to extreme.)

'We recognize here the teaching of the golden mean that Molière borrowed from the ancients, and especially from Aristotle. Virtue is a mean between two extremes, between two opposing faults.

'As bravery is the mean between cowardliness and foolhardiness, true piety, according to Molière, is the mean between impiety and credulity.

'Tartufe is impiety — he is even the worst of impieties, because he goes so far in poking fun at religion as to assume its outward appearances. When Molière, writing *Le Festin de Pierre* a little while later, traced out a very deliberate portrait of the sacrilegious man, he crowned it with imposture, and Don Juan in the closing scenes clearly calls Tartufe to mind.

'Opposite Tartufe, Orgon is credulity itself. He is such a victim to fanatic mysticism that he even cries out:

Et je verrais mourir frère, enfants, mère et femme,
Que je m'en soucierais autant que de cela.

(My brother, children, mother, wife, might die,
Ere I would trouble for them as for this.)

'Orgon exaggerates piety and lets himself be duped by all the wiles of hypocrites.

'Cléante, on the other hand, occupies a position between these two characters. He represents wisdom. He is neither sacrilegious nor credulous.

'He is not sacrilegious because he discreetly practises the religion of his fathers, which counsels him to do good.

'But he is not credulous. He can clearly discern the fraud that underlies Tartufe's bigotry. The ridiculous religious zeal does not impress him.

'He does not admit that people exaggerate pious practices and that they make a parade of them simply to gain their own ends.

'Thus Cléante takes the mean between sacrilege and superstition.

'He cites some of his contemporaries as examples: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . Leur dévotion est humaine et traitable;

. . . . . .

On les voit, pour tous soins, se mêler de bien vivre.
Jamais contre un pécheur ils n'ont d'acharnement.
Ils attachent leur haine au péché seulement.

(And their religion's human, tractable;

. . . . . .

They mind the business of their own right living.
They don't attack a sinner tooth and nail,
For sin's the only object of their hatred.)

'See how Molière looked upon sane religion.'

I said to Gémier that it was hard to explain why such reasonable ideas had stirred up, not only the bigots of the eighteenth century against Molière, but a great many intelligent people like Bourdaloue who, in his sermons, had fulminated against *Tartufe*, and the President de Lamoignon, who had forbidden its performance.

'Their attitude,' said Gémier, 'is not so very surprising. It was hard for fervent believers in their faith to approve of the theory of the golden mean. Undoubtedly they thought that you could not lay too much stress on piety. They believed that complete detachment from all worldly affections was the crowning virtue and they were afraid that the author discredited devotion in giving it to an impostor for a mask.

'Perhaps they were right from their point of view.

'What more is there to say? Molière's religion was not theirs.

'Molière certainly did not attack the dogmas of faith, but his morality bordered on the edges of a confessional creed.

'Without wishing to discuss religious principles, which was undoubtedly not among his tastes, and which he would not have tolerated, he professed that the human ideal was greater than the mere exercise of a belief.

'For him, the moral law that should rule over pious practices is sociability. Here, according to him, is the virtue that includes all others. Here, one might say, is his religion.

'Loving to live with congenial people, cherishing them, trying to help them, always showing them courtesy and kindness, being frank, loyal, generous, making your common existence highly profitable and agreeable to everyone — that is what one may call, without fear of using a grand word, the gospel of Molière.

'It is because he has always preached this good news, it is because he has waged unceasing war on evil people who are hostile to this doctrine, — pedants, charlatans, bigots, hypochondriacs, and greedy persons, — that he exercised such a profound influence on his country, and that with other native geniuses he has given to France the cheerful expression that she wears among all other nations.

'In this sense, Molière has well fulfilled the mission that he seems to have attributed to the dramatist in his Preface to *Tartufe*.

'He has served his religion nobly — that is to say, that lofty morality which binds together all the representatives of a single race, and which in France is summed up in one admirable word: sociability.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A BERLIOZ REVIVAL

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

From the *Sunday Times, March* 11
(London Pro-French Sunday Paper)

This is the day of revivals and discoveries. Shall we, before long, revive Berlioz — or, as we may perhaps put it with more truth, discover him? The tendency to-day is to sniff a little at the greatest masters, whose calm superiority, it must be admitted, *does* become rather irritating at times, and to take to our hearts the men a degree less great. The biggest geniuses of all are perhaps a shade too much like the impersonal forces of nature; the geniuses of the rank just below the first interest us in a peculiar way because they are more like ourselves. Your very greatest composer is a sort of summary or generalization of humanity, the meeting-point of a hundred historical forces; the lesser men often have a more intriguing individuality.

A friend of mine used to argue with me that we ought to collect second, not first, editions. Every copy of a first edition, he used to contend, is carefully preserved by someone or other who hopes for a rise in value, whereas no one bothers about second editions. It stands to reason, then, he would say, that first editions will ultimately be a drug on the market, while the scarcity of second editions will make them so sought after that one of these days millionaires will start bidding against each other for them.

There must be something in this theory, and we see to-day the application of it, in a sense, to music. All the world has collected front-rank composers so long that the value of them has depreciated a little; and now the really wise speculators are trying to corner the best specimens of the second rank. Beethoven and Brahms and Wagner are in the box labeled 'Any book in this lot 6*d*.'; it is Moussorgsky, or Stravinsky, or Honegger, or Malipiero, that the cute connoisseur now shows you and tells how he picked him up before anyone else had any idea there was going to be a boom in him.

The truth is that the average man knows very little about music, and has not room in his heart for more than one adoration at a time. For most people, music means something that began with Bach and ended about 1900. They find it hard to believe that some of the music that was written before Bach is as wonderful in its way as any of the music written since.

Even within the period he knows, the plain man has so far kept only to the main roads. He gets, indeed, few opportunities of exploring the side paths, and when he does happen to be shunted on to one his chief wish is to get back to the main road as soon as he can. He knows a little, say, about Haydn and Mozart, but he knows nothing of the contemporary composers who, though they shared with Haydn and Mozart the general characteristics of their epoch, were not merely imitators of these great men but independent personalities. When he comes upon Cimarosa — as happened with 'Gli Astuzie Femminili' a couple of years ago — he helplessly declares the music to be 'Mozartian,' which is very much like saying that Schubert is only another

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schumann, or Sullivan only another Offenbach.

But there is now springing up a refreshing curiosity on the part even of the plain man as to the music that lies off the beaten track. He is getting extremely interested in the Elizabethans. Soon his interest may be extended to Palestrina and the Continental polyphonists in general. He is learning to listen in new ways. There is a convention in listening as in everything else; and the way of listening that is right enough for a Beethoven adagio or a Wagner opera is not quite right for Dowland or Byrd.

The plain man, in fact, is slowly discovering that there are fifty ways of conceiving music, and that to listen to music of one kind with ears that have been too exclusively trained on another kind is to go grievously wrong. The eighteenth century — nay, even the nineteenth, as represented by as great a historian as Ambros — shuddered at what were thought to be the harmonic aberrations of Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa. We of to-day, being no longer slaves to 'classical' harmony, find Gesualdo's harmonies and progressions not only not horrifying but positively pleasing. And when people have learned once more to listen in a new way, Berlioz, I fancy, will be thought more highly of than he is at present.

There are already signs of the coming reaction in his favor. He has surely been the most misunderstood composer of the last two centuries. It is hopeless to expect to see Berlioz as he really is unless you can shake off the tyranny of the German classics. His melody is not theirs, nor his harmony, nor his rhythm. Unfortunately for him, he came at the time when German music was setting out on its all-conquering career in Western Europe. German music trained people to a certain way of listening; and necessarily any music that did not accommodate itself to that way was written down as inferior.

It is to the eternal credit of Schumann as a critic that he saw from the beginning that to understand Berlioz the hearer would have to place himself first of all at Berlioz's point of view, and that this was so new and purely personal a point of view that classical German music would only hinder a man from finding it.

Some day, I am sure, the public — if only it can hear Berlioz often enough — will find the right point of view. Meanwhile criticism can help a little, perhaps. France has produced lately some extremely illuminative Berlioz criticism; and one of the best specimens of it that I have met with is an article in the current number of *La Revue Musicale* by M. Paul Marie Masson, which is apparently an extract from a book by M. Masson on Berlioz that is to be published soon. We sorely need a volume that shall state the whole case for Berlioz as the modern musician who admires him sees it, and perhaps M. Masson's book will turn out to be what we have been long looking for.

He makes it clear that, simply by judging Berlioz too exclusively by the standards of classical German art, people have double-debited him with his faults while failing to credit him with half his virtues. All the older critics fastened gleefully on his weakness in symphonic construction. It cannot be denied; here he seems only an amateur by the side of Beethoven or Brahms or Strauss. Certain kinds of technique he never mastered, and this was one of them. Where he professes to play the classical game it is only right that he should be judged by the laws of that game.

But while it is important that we shall see clearly what he cannot do, it is even more important that we shall see clearly what he can; and the things

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he can do best are not to be measured by the classical German standards. His melody and his rhythm do not conform to these standards. They are much freer — especially his rhythm — than the average German melody and rhythm, which have been strongly influenced by the prosody of German verse.

Our rhythmical sense is expanding, largely under the influence of the polyphonic music of the seventeenth century, and when people have completely shaken off the bonds of the square rhythms of the classical period they will be in a better position to respond to the more flexibly articulated rhythms of Berlioz.

The old view of his harmony was that it was amateurish. We cannot deny that here and there he shows in this field, as in others, the results of a lack of school discipline; but, after all, these instances are rare. What is too often regarded as technical insufficiency on his part is in reality only his thoroughly personal way of conceiving harmony. Once we get used to his peculiar tissue, with its scorn of the customary easy transitions, — especially by way of the dominant seventh, — his harmony has a fascinating savor of its own.

But it is in the field of color that the ordinary ear at present lags far behind Berlioz. By this I do not mean simply that he is a wonderful colorist in the conventional sense of the term. I mean rather that the key to his seemingly strange harmony is often to be found in his color. The piano plays a much larger part in the harmonic thinking of most composers than they are conscious of themselves. It played no part whatever in Berlioz's thinking; the logic of his harmony depends more than that of the ordinary composer does on relations of orchestral timbre.

The simplest possible illustration that I can give here is that of the harmony in the fourth bar of the accompaniment of the song 'Absence.' On the piano it sounds crude: on the orchestra, with each of the apparently discordant notes moving as an independent strand of color, the effect is perfectly right. As M. Masson points out, what sometimes looks like lack of harmonic resources on Berlioz's part is really an extraordinarily fine sense of timbres indulging itself luxuriously. 'We may say,' as M. Masson puts it, 'that he harmonizes by timbres; his famous unisons become veritable harmonies.'

He *heard*, in fact, in a way different from that of the German classics, who mostly thought in a species of abstract harmony and then laid this out for instruments, whereas Berlioz, never having learned the piano, could not conceive abstract harmony, but only harmony in terms of concrete instrumental timbres. His day will surely come, for music everywhere is reaching out to the things he specially stood for — more particularly freedom of rhythm and the expressiveness of timbre-harmony as distinct from the abstract or black-and-white harmony of the piano.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO A ROMAN

BY J. C. SQUIRE

[*Outlook*]

I

You died two thousand years ago, Catullus,
  Myriads since they have walked the earth you knew
All their long lives and faded into nothing,
  And still across that waste men think of you.

You loved your Sirmio, and loved your brother,
  You gave a pitiless woman all your heart;
You wrote for her, you mourned a sparrow for her,
  Served like a slave: and suffering made your art.

Some fiery songs, a few soft elegies,
  Perfect — you said you used a pumice stone:
Coarse little squibs, a rosy song for a wedding,
  What else you did, it never will be known.

A proud young man of fashion, whom a woman
  Played with and dropped: nothing remains beside;
Only we know, about a certain year,
  You went away, out of the glare, and died.

And all your world died after, all the towers
  Fell, and the temples mouldered, and the games
Left the great circus empty, and the dust
  Buried the Cæsars, senators, and dames.

II

I see you lying under marble arches,
  Above the bright blue meadow of a bay,
With certain supercilious gross companions
  Talking their filth more cleverly than they.

Amusing them, one of them, seeming with them:
  They are pleased to find Catullus of their kind,
They sprawl and drink and sneer and jest of wenches,
  Pose to you: but they do not hear your mind.

You share debauch, debauch does not distract you;
  Your wine is tasteless, pleasureless your ease;
Behind your brutal talk you are cold and lonely,
  Sick of the laughter of such men as these.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And even they at times perceive you moody,
Bid you cheer up, are vaguely tired of you,
Damper of pleasure, hypocrite, prig, superior,
Too cranky and vain to think as others do.

For, suddenly, your answers grow abstracted,
Empty, or rough; your eyes go over sea,
Watching a distant sail that seems unmoving,
The symbol of some lost tranquillity.

A silent sail that cuts the clear horizon,
A warm blue sea, a tranquil, cloudless sky,
You sit and gaze, and, as you stare, they guess you
Indifferent though the whole of them should die.

III

'The poet should be chaste, his verses —' Well,
It was n't Lesbia's view, she did her best,
Tempting and spurning, to weary and degrade you,
To callous you and make you like the rest.

Disliking, piqued by, that strange difference in you,
Contemptuous and curious, she would dare
And then deny, provoke, and then repel you,
Yet could not make you other than you were.

The soft-pressed foot, the glance that hinted heat,
The scanty favors always auguring more,
The haughty, cold indifference, mingling twin
Frigidities of the vestal and the whore,

Still could not even more than wound, cloud over,
The eager boy in you she so despised,
The love of fineness, sweetness, loyalty, candor,
The innocent country memories you prized.

IV

A flower in a garden grew, Catullus,
Sometime you saw it, and the memory stayed.
One flower of all the flowers you ever glanced at,
A perfect thing of dew and radiance made:

Emblem of youth, plucked, carried away and drooping,
Out of the garden; emblem of your lot,
Perplexed, bewildered, languishing, an alien
Who was born to cherish all his world forgot.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WALTER BAGEHOT: WRITER AND BANKER

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON

[*Mr. Jackson is editor of* To-Day.]

From *To-Day, March*
(London Literary Quarterly)

The relationship between the practice of banking and literature is not very clear. At the same time the well-known fact that the trade of dealing in money has produced a number of distinguished practitioners in the equally respectable trade of dealing in words might suggest that there was some subtle undertone of association between the two faculties. But consideration of the idea destroys this pleasant thought, at least from the banking side, because the banker-author has been content to remain an amateur of letters even when he had proved his capacity to rank with the professionals.

It is not, of course, suggested that literary bankers have been averse from accepting the earned increment of the pen, but rather that the caution which they have learned or inherited as bankers has prompted them to look upon writing as a hobby rather than as a means of subsistence. Thus the relationship between the two faculties is probably one of convenience or opportunity rather than anything more subtle.

Banking, despite the solemnity and grandeur with which it is surrounded, is doubtless an easy, nonexhausting trade, taxing the gray matter little, and leaving its members at the end of the day's routine fresh for more exacting tasks like golf or letters, bridge or politics, science or philosophy. Thus may we account for the achievements of men like Samuel Rogers, Walter Bagehot, and Lord Avebury, and, in our own time, of Lord Latimer (Francis Money Coutts), and Mr. Edward Clodd.

Nor has the money business influenced the expression or point of view of such writers. Among the five banker-authors named, four of them might have come from any class or trade. But the other, Walter Bagehot, was equally inspired as a writer on economics and finance as on literature and politics. He left to banking its one piece of literature, *Lombard Street*, and to literature a collection of essays in criticism which have not even yet received their full measure of appreciation, although they have been enshrined both in an 'authoritative' edition and a popular reprint.

Walter Bagehot is interesting and will remain interesting for many reasons. One of those reasons is that he was the first of realists among English critics. He looked at literature in his own way, and told you what he saw and what he thought about it without undue reference to standards or opinions or principles. He was cultured without being 'highbrow,' and he added to first-rate mental gifts and sane scholarship the inestimable training of a business career. He had wit and humor, too, though neither a wit nor a humorist; he was humane without making a fuss about it, and, being by the grace of God an amateur, he escaped the neurosis of jealousy which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so often paralyzes the generosity and obscures and discolors the vision of those who live by what they say rather than by what they do.

Walter Bagehot was a man first and then a critic. He may or may not have seen things steadily and seen them whole, — as a matter of fact he did, — but he certainly gives the impression of one who saw things leisurely and saw them clearly. There is nothing mincing or mean about his criticism. He is spacious in outlook and incisive in opinion; and shining like a beacon through his essays is a fairness, a scrupulous honesty, recalling Dr. Johnson minus that great man's crankiness.

'The sense of reality,' said Bagehot, 'is necessary for excellence.' He sought both, and the gift of a character as sterling as the bullion in Stuckey's strong rooms enabled him to achieve his aim.

Walter Bagehot was born at Langport, Somersetshire, in 1826, and died there in 1877. His father was the head of the famous West Country bank still known as Stuckey's. The bank was more famous in the West of England than the Bank of England. It is reported that the sturdy natives of that typically English countryside have been known to refuse the paper money of Threadneedle Street in favor of notes bearing the trusted name of Stuckey.

Walter began his education at a Bristol school and, in 1842, entered University College, London. He read law and was called to the Bar ten years later. He did not pursue the law, having made up his mind to join his father in the banking business at Langport, and he ultimately became the head of the concern. But, in spite of his keen energy in business, Bagehot found time for reading and writing on literature, politics, finance, and economics. He was a regular contributor to the *Prospective Review* and the *National Review*, and one of the editors of the latter throughout its existence. For the last seventeen years of his life he edited the *Economist*, many of his financial essays having been written for its pages.

Before entering business he spent some weeks in Paris just at the time of the *Coup d'État*, which was the occasion of his first literary work. This took the form of a series of letters to a journal called *The Enquirer*. Walter Bagehot scandalized his Liberal friends by supporting Louis Napoleon. These witty and daring letters have improved with time. The sense of reality is revealed in every line, and they own a sprightliness which he did not permit his riper pen.

Walter Bagehot's style, however, was never dull. He had a naturally bright mind, but he escaped the perils of that 'brilliance' which is the curse of so much modern writing, where facile epigram and acrobatic paradox are often the grimace of the thought-bound. To use one of his own happy phrases, his style was dressed in 'a sober suit of well-fitting expressions.' His brightness had definition. It had the qualities of fork lightning to strike and searchlight to illuminate.

This definition, which gives outline to his ideas and opinions, comes of a kind of mental hardness, the bright hardness associated with steel blades; it would suggest lack of sympathy to the half-baked, but was really the technique of a first-rate brain in perfect working order. His mental equipment belongs to the Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw class, with, of course, strict limitations. Here is a record of his student days at University College: —

'In those early days Bagehot's manner was often supercilious. We used to attack him for his intellectual arrogance — his ὕβρις we called it in our college slang — a quality which, I believe, was not really in him, though

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he had then much of its external appearance. Nevertheless, his genuine contempt for what was intellectually feeble was not accomplished by an even adequate appreciation of his own powers. At college, however, his satirical "Hear, hear," was a formidable sound in the debating society, and one which took the heart out of many a younger speaker; and the ironical "How much?" with which in conversation he would meet an overeloquent expression, was always of a nature to reduce a man, as the mathematical phrase goes, to his "lowest terms."

'In maturer life he became much quieter and mellower, and often even delicately considerate for others, but his inner scorn for ineffectual thought remained, in some degree, though it was very reticently expressed, till the last. For instance, I remember his attacking me for my mildness in criticizing a book which, though it professed to rest on a basis of clear thought, really missed all its points. "There is a pale whitey-brown substance," he wrote to me, "in the man's books which people who don't think take for thought, but it is n't," and he upbraided me much for not saying plainly that the man was a muff.'

The last thing that you would deduce from Walter Bagehot's essays would be that he was the sort of man who would suffer muffs gladly. He does not peptonize, he makes clear. The process of digestion is left to the reader. A pleasant acidity of expression pervades his work like a *sauce piquante*, or, better, like that squeeze of lemon which is permitted to give, dare I say, a kick to certain delectable dishes — deviled whitebait, grilled sole, turtle soup, and Whitstable oysters. He introduces it with his literary, political, and even financial dishes, making the dullest of them, for he reveled in dull subjects, palatable.

For example, while criticizing the failure of a certain brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer, he said: 'The faculty of disheartening adversaries by diffusing on occasion an oppressive atmosphere of businesslike dullness is invaluable to a parliamentary statesman.' 'The business of a critic is to criticize,' he said again, 'it is not his duty to be thankful.' And scattered over his work are such phrases as: 'French is the *patois* of Europe, English the language of the world'; 'In every country common opinions are very common'; 'Affection as a settled subject is incompatible with art.' On every page there is some such seasoning, *piquante*, acrid even, but never sour, and only bitter in the sense that many excellent tonics are bitter, stimulatingly bitter.

He is equally good at flashing a portrait in a phrase. Each of his essays on writers, such as those on William Cowper, Gibbon, Shakespeare, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Milton, Clough, Crabb Robinson, is given a humanizing touch, often no more than a hint, which instantly brings you into personal touch with the subject.

Here are a few of his flashlight portraits — Swift: 'a detective in a dean's wig.' Sydney Smith: 'an after-dinner writer.' 'Mr. Disraeli owes his great success to his very unusual capacity for *applying* a literary genius, in itself limited, to the practical purposes of public life.' 'Lord Brougham had the first great essential of an agitator — the faculty of easy anger.' Lord Lawrence: 'A Nasmyth hammer which can chip an egg or flatten an iron bar, but only within its groove.' Horace Walpole: 'Not a very scrupulous narrator; yet it was too much trouble even for him to tell lies on many points.'

The sense of the personal was a powerful ingredient of his sense of reality. A work of art for him was not a segregatable thing, but an expression

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of an individual which was the more valuable because it was humanly associated with the scheme of things. The method has its dangers, which Bagehot generally managed to avoid. But occasionally he slipped badly because innocently.

An instance occurs in a comparison between Keats and Shelley in the essay on the latter. He points out that Shelley is 'an abstract student, anxious about deep philosophies,' and Keats the exact opposite, whose love of sensation prompted him to pepper his tongue, 'to enjoy in all its grandeur the cool flavor of delicious claret.' So far all is well, but he goes on to say that 'When you know it [the pepper story], you seem to read it in his poetry.' Exact criticism, if such there be — which is more than doubtful — would have deduced this peculiar sensuousness from the poetry instead of introducing it from the personalia of the poet. Personality may be used as comment; but a poem or any other work of art must stand alone. It is to be judged finally on its own personality — or merit — and not that of its creator.

Walter Bagehot realized this oftener in practice than in theory. His conclusions are sometimes more convincing than his methods. During his law training he distinguished himself in the art of special pleading, and his critical method reveals the tricks and weaknesses of the special pleader. But he is generally saved by instinctively sound judgment, which with wide reading and infinite patience enable him to build up his case for or against an author with exquisite justice, buttressed by a wealth of valuable and interesting evidence of fact, opinion, and speculation.

All criticism is colored by the mental attitude or predilection of the critic: criticism in the last resort being personal opinion, and its final value being the quality of taste which inspires it. Bagehot had an orderly brain and he preferred an orderly to a disorderly scheme of things both in art and life. If he had many of the characteristics of his period, he escaped most of its faults. He was rational without being a rationalist; he had ideals, but was not an idealist. He was lucky in the possession of a temperament which did not fit into a category. He came nearest to pigeonholing himself in his regard for form. He was, in a sense peculiarly his own, classical rather than romantic.

'Men of genius may be divided into regular and irregular,' he says in his masterly essay on Charles Dickens. 'Certain minds, the moment we think of them, suggest to us the ideas of symmetry and proportion. Plato's name, for example, calls up at once the impression of something ordered, measured, and settled: it is the exact contrary of everything eccentric, immature, or undeveloped.' Of the two he preferred the regular because he believed that 'symmetricalness' and 'proportionateness' were the ordained methods of the highest and most powerful expression.

At the same time his austerity was tempered by recognition and appreciation of the warmth of humor and the acid of satire. He refers good-humoredly to 'the faculty of making fun'; in another admirable study, that on William Cowper, he finds the 'best charm of this earth' in 'the medley of great things and little, of things mundane and things celestial, things low and things awful, of things eternal and things of half a minute.'

In Walter Bagehot's *critique* art is graded down under three heads — the Pure, the Ornate, and the Grotesque. And in one of the most profound and most original essays in criticism of his century he gives examples of the three methods from the poetry of Milton,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tennyson, and Browning: the speech of Belial in *Paradise Lost* for the Pure; *Enoch Arden* for the Ornate; and *Caliban upon Setebos* for the Grotesque. Fault could be found with some of his conclusions, but his analysis is both luminous and instructive.

At the moment, however, we are reviewing Bagehot, not criticizing him, and it is only necessary to note that his grading down is from the classical to the romantic; it should be noted also that he does not deny either genius or art to what he does not happen to approve — provided, of course, genius and art are there, as they are pretty generally in *Caliban upon Setebos*, and occasionally even in *Enoch Arden*.

His definition of *pure* literature is that which 'describes the type in its simplicity . . . with the exact amount of accessory circumstance which is necessary to bring it before the mind in finished perfection, and *no more* than that amount.' It is the 'last grace of the self-denying artist,' and makes you recall not the artist but 'the exact phrase, the *very* sentiment he wished.'

The opposite to this is *ornate* literature, which 'wishes to surround the type with the greatest number of circumstances which it will *bear*. It works not by choice and selection, but by accumulation and aggregation.' Contrary to the *pure* style, it does not present an idea with 'the least clothing it will endure, but with the richest and most involved clothing that it will admit.'

He refers, with a modern touch, to the *rouge* of ornate literature, in which nothing is described as it is, everything having about it an atmosphere of something else. It is the literature of illusion — romantic literature — and he likens it again with agreeable modernity, very *topical* in our day, to 'the sudden millionaires' who 'hope to disguise their social defects by buying old places and hiding among aristocratic furniture.' Ornate art is like moonlight — 'it gives a romantic unreality to what will not stand the bare truth.'

The third type, the *grotesque*, differs from the others where they most resemble one another. 'It takes the type, so to say, *in difficulties*. It gives a representation of it in its minimum development, amid the circumstances least favorable to it, just while it is struggling with obstacles, just where it is encumbered with incongruities.' This art found its highest expression in the architecture of the Middle Ages. It is scarcely distinct from the ornate or romantic art.

Browning is a good example of the type among poets, and Bagehot makes good use of him, less soundly than he does of Tennyson in the earlier class, proving that even good critics are fallible, and that not even the best of them could understand a phenomenon such as Browning in 1869. It sounds more grotesque even than *Caliban upon Setebos* to be told, as Bagehot tells us, that Browning 'puts down what is good for the naughty and what is naughty for the good' — almost as grotesque as Oscar Wilde's 'Meredith is a prose Browning, and so is Browning.'

It is well to recall the work of this masculine interpreter of ideas and life at a time like the present, when new methods in art are passing into premature conventionalism and even idol-breaking has become a 'fashion.' It is time to turn our backs on the successors of the *ornate* and the *grotesque* and to contemplate the last graces of the self-denying artists. In our retirement we may profit by association with Walter Bagehot, with whom we shall not always agree, but whose clear thinking and sane preferences will command our admiration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWINGS FROM INDIA

BY MAJOR T. SUTTON

From the *Beacon, March*
(CHRISTIAN LIBERAL MONTHLY)

THE pictorial art of the East, so far as Persian and Chinese elements are concerned, has been fully dealt with by several eminent authors; the former especially by Dr. F. R. Martin, and the latter by Laurence Binyon, Aurel Stein, and some others. Two authors have written upon Indian drawings as well, but in nothing like so full a manner, and the subject seems to call for further treatment. Much has been written and learned in the last twenty years; more is still to learn. Some fine collections have been formed, and it is not yet too late to find, in England and Europe, specimens of this most interesting branch of Indian art.

These drawings are usually small, seldom larger than small folio, the majority being about octavo. They are, in their original condition, surrounded by several borders of strips of paper painted in running design, and the whole picture completed with a wide margin, which is also usually finely painted either with floral sprays or, in earlier types, with spots of gold leaf, which give a jeweled effect. The drawing is in body color, built up on a white ground; the paper consists of several thicknesses pasted together to obtain the requisite stiffness; the colors employed are all of native manufacture, very permanent, and compare favorably with the colors used in illuminated manuscripts of the fifteenth century.

The earliest Indian drawings are book-illustrations; but quite early in the existence of the art the picture, as a separate leaf to be handed round to assist a story-teller's narrative, or purely as a piece of decoration, became the rule.

The origin of the art is roughly this. The Emperor Babar on his return from exile brought to India some Persian artists, and his grandson Akbar and the two immediate successors Jehangir and Shah Jehan encouraged the work of the Indian artists, who carried on the Persian tradition upon Indian lines. Probably also certain influences can be traced from the Herati school of painting. But from whatever sources the genesis of the drawings developed — Persia, China, and Herat all had a share — in a few generations the art had become purely Indian. Of all the arts of Hindustan the miniature drawings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are the truest and liveliest reflection of the history, religion, poetry, and, above all, the domestic life of the Indians that we possess.

A knowledge of the existence and an appreciation of the beauty of these drawings is no new thing to Europeans. Rather one is inclined to believe that their artistic merit has been overlooked or forgotten in the last fifty years or so. Otherwise it is difficult to account for the utter extinction of the art and its artists in India. Apart from the well-known story that Rembrandt drew his inspirations for night scenes from Indian drawings — night scenes being some of the most successful creations of the Indian artist — and the fact that Sir Joshua Reynolds himself was highly appreciative of their superb beauty,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we have proof of their popularity with the servants of 'John Company.'

In many old English houses small collections of these drawings have been and are still found, many, alas, damp-stained either from neglect, or monsooned during their eighteenth-century owners' long residence in India. Probably they were brought home when the 'Nabob' finally retired, and were cherished as memorials and illustrations of his former life. In this connection we know of a Sheraton writing-desk which once belonged to Warren Hastings, and is decorated with a typical Krishna drawing of the Jaipur school.

Let it be fully understood — these drawings were not cheap bazaar productions, but the work of highly skilled artists. The reason we have for thinking that some of these collections were made in the eighteenth century or, at any rate, before the Mutiny, is the fact that the finest specimens are in England, and that few can be obtained in India, and the majority of the drawings are eighteenth-century work. The most numerous are portraits of princes, rulers, and Indian noblemen. Sometimes one finds portraits of European officers and merchants, but not frequently. Our ancestors seemed to prefer to wait for the infrequent arrival in India of such artists as John Chinnery for their portraits. In fact, one point of interest in the early Indian drawings is the total lack of European influence. Those which are unmistakably copies of European paintings are rather caricatures than serious studies of European ideals.

Probably it is the portraits which appeal to us most, they are so entirely human. The exquisite and minute workmanship, — every hair of beard and eyebrow seems to be drawn separately, — the whimsical character-studies of some exalted graybeard, and the dainty beauty of the harem ladies, cannot fail to enchant us. The details of garments, weapons, jewels, especially the ropes of pearls and Oriental stones entwined in the turbans, are masterpieces of artistic accuracy.

So numerous are the portraits of well-known Indian characters in existence that it has been well said that we know the features of the personnel of the Courts of Akbar and his two successors far better than we do those of Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the Second.

The art is divided in the first instance into two main schools, Mughal and Rajput (or Pahari), which can be further divided into schools representative of the towns where the industry flourished, Jaipur, Delhi, and Lahore being the best known. The Mughal school, as its name denotes, refers to the work of Court artists, and is reminiscent of the original Persian influence. The majority of Mughal drawings are book-illustrations, and many of these illustrate subjects from the *Shahnamah* of Firdusi, but we also find portraits, hunting, battles, and scenes of Court life. The very best of the miniaturists' work is really found in the Mughal school. In the Kangra (Rajput) school, — which is Hinduist as opposed to the Mohammedanism of the Mughal school, — we frequently find religious subjects, episodes taken from the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*, and also fine portraits somewhat different in type from the Mughal examples.

It has been pointed out that these carefully worked miniatures will bear enlarging to the size of a wall panel without requiring any further elaboration of detail or composition. With regard to the composition it is noticeable that the majority of the drawings have a central figure, not necessarily in the centre of the paper, but one to which all the other figures in the picture

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turn, and nearly always the features of these subsidiary persons are in profile. These figures are usually complete in themselves; a half figure at the edge of a drawing is uncommon, and, should there be a figure looking out of the picture on the edge, it may be taken as a proof that the drawing has been cut down from its original size.

Alterations of drawings by later artists is not altogether unknown. For example, a device sometimes found is a Hindu Devil inserted on an early Mughal picture. Of course the beauty of the drawing is spoiled as a result.

As decoration for small rooms these drawings are very pleasing. The brilliancy of the coloring and minuteness of detail render them full of charm even to those who have no great interest in Indian art itself.

Moreover, in spite of their exotic feeling, the everyday affairs, the wayside scenes, the trades and occupations of men and women, are all depicted with a naïve sincerity which is bound to please.

The knowledge of Nature represented is surpassed only by the Japanese.

The sketches of cows, monkeys, and birds, and, of course, wild beasts such as the so-called 'maneless' lion shown in the hunting scenes, give evidence of a very close study of the subject delineated.

But little is known of the individual artists. Some few names only can be traced; and this is natural, working as they did in the palaces of the ruling classes in almost feudal manner, producing their works for the use and delight of their despotic masters, and losing their identity among the numerous attendants of the household.

The author will always be very glad to gather further information and knowledge upon this most fascinating subject.

THE TREASURE IN THE WALL

BY J. H. ROSNY, AÎNÉ

From *L'Indépendance Belge, March 9*
(BRUSSELS LIBERAL PROGRESSIVE DAILY)

'I OWE my fortune to the Boche,' said Anselme Rombaud. 'The outbreak of the war nearly ruined me. My father had left his business in bad condition, and I could not get it on its feet again. The war finished things. I was mobilized and sent to the front, where I stayed for two years, and then, as the result of a wound, I was sent to duty on the lines of communication. In 1918, circumstances that there is no use going into brought me to the neighborhood of Château-Thierry, where I owned a wretched house — mortgaged at that — which was all that was left of my patrimony.

'The situation was serious. For the second time the Boche had advanced to the Marne and pessimists were saying that this time Paris would see the imperial hordes go marching through. Was not the city already under fire from the Big Berthas?

'I found my house in a bad way,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost stripped of its furniture, with all its windows broken; and as for the garden, it had grown up like a virgin forest. Although the battle was at its height, I made up my mind that I would spend the night under my own roof. Anyhow, the difficulties of transportation gave me very little choice in the matter. "It will be all right to-morrow," I said to myself. By the light of a candle I made a meal of bully beef and war bread and then I began to ponder on France's fate and my own. One seemed to me to be about as doubtful as the other.

'To make a long story short, the future looked very black, and it would have looked blacker still if I had known what awaited me in the morning. In the end my weariness conquered my troubles, and I fell into a heavy sleep in my bed, in spite of the thunder of the artillery and the crackling of the machine guns.

'I had a good deal of sleep to make up and when I awakened day had come and I soon found out that I was in the very midst of the battle. No matter, the house was still whole; no shell had yet hit it. The garden and the vicinity were deserted, or at least they seemed so. The whole village was like a lonely little island between the two hostile armies. Where am I anyhow? I said to myself. Am I in the French lines or the Boche lines, and what am I going to do? If I stir it may be either my salvation or my destruction.

'Moments like that are extremely unpleasant, but being used to the chances of war I practised the philosophy of "There is no helping it," as well as I could. I went down to the kitchen, where a few scraps of food were left, lighted a little fire, and heated up some coffee that I had kept in a little canteen. It was a pretty poor meal, but, take it all in all, comforting. I had scarcely got through with the last mouthful when I heard a song, a kind of choral, which would have been agreeable enough if it had not indicated that I was caught in the German net.

'You may imagine that my impressions were extremely unpleasant. If I fell into the hands of the enemy it was death or prison, and either prospect terrified me. Should I try to get away? To do that I should have to know which way to go. An idea came to me. The house had a great big cellar that was filled up with all kinds of things. If the enemy approached I could go down there and hide, and, since the house was so knocked to pieces, they very likely would not suspect it had any occupant. Half an hour passed and nothing happened. Then I saw a number of men at the foot of the garden. I wasted no time, but a moment later was tangled in among a heap of wood, rusty iron, and rags, where I was quite invisible. Then on the floor above I heard a trampling of heavy boots and some gutteral words.

'I was just beginning to get over my fright when I heard them coming down to the cellar. The voices came nearer. Oaths were mingled with some words that I could not understand. The new arrivals were apparently hunting for wine, and as they found none their tempers became worse and worse. Finally several of them came very near. A shaft of light from one of their electric torches pierced my retreat. Rough hands scattered the wood and the old iron and rags.

'"Teufel!" yelled one yellow-headed fellow. "Here's a pig!"

'I was pulled out. Five or six sneering faces turned toward me. Instinctively, though it was a very foolish move, I pulled out my pistol. Then the whole lot of them jumped on me, knocked me down, and pounded me with their fists and kicked me with their heavy boots.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'"We had better hang him!" cried a corporal.

'"Yes, yes!" they all cried together. "Hang him!"

'There was a cord dangling from a hook on the wall, and within a few minutes the noose was finished, the rope attached to the hook, and my neck in the noose.

'"Give my best regards to Lucifer," said the corporal.

'I felt the cord close around my neck and then my mind floated out into nothingness.

'When I waked up in a kind of shade, stretched out on the ground, I did not feel any pain at all. I was half stunned. By and by I began to recover consciousness and in a feeble light that came through a gap in the wall I saw that I was covered with stones and plaster. I could hear the guns going at a distance, but the house was perfectly still.

'After waiting a long time, I crept up the stairway as stealthily as a wolf. No one was in the rooms, no one in the garden. The Boches had evidently decamped, for, as I found out afterward, there had been a counter-attack and they had been driven off.

'When I realized that I was all alone, I was curious to know how I had escaped death. Lighting one of the candles, I went back down into the cellar. The means of my salvation, though providential, was very simple. The wall had collapsed, for some reason that I have never understood, and hook and rope and I myself had tumbled together on the ground, and there I had slowly recovered consciousness. I looked at the gap in the wall. It was a very large one and behind it I saw a kind of hole in which I plunged my hand. I felt something hard, some object with a regular shape, and, wondering what it was, I enlarged the gap until I could pull it out — an iron chest all covered with rust. When I had it open I saw that it was full of gold pieces, almost all of which bore the head of Napoleon I. There must have been more than a hundred thousand francs.

'Well, you know history,' said Rombaud. 'You know how Mangin beat the Boche, which saved my life again. The chest had been hidden by my great-grandfather, so it legally belonged to me. I exchanged the gold for bank notes, which after the Armistice enabled me to set up in business again.

'So that is how I owe my fortune to the Boches. However, I do not feel any particular gratitude to them, and I still keep as fetishes the hook and the cord that came so near to putting an end to my earthly pilgrimage.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

LIVESTOCK

BY V. D. GOODWIN

[*Poetry* (Birmingham)]

Are not five sparrows sold for three farthings . . . ?

'Sixpence! a linnet in full song!' —
Smearing the dirty glass, a throng
Of children looked in curiously.
Row after row, the cages hold
Wild birds with throats of gold;
And their spent eyes looked out at me.

And when I turned away they still
Looked out, with that one pulsing will
To escape where no escape can be.
And still they beat their wings, and beat
Their breasts and their small feet,
In that one effort to get free.

'Sixpence! a cock-thrush!' — and the sun
Shone in on every cage; but one
Stood empty. 'Sixpence! a young lark' —
It lay down hidden in the dark.
Its eyes were sightless — dead.
'Your Father knoweth,' those eyes said.

THE WEB

BY E. HAMILTON-FELLOWS

[*Westminster Gazette*]

Slowly from point to point
Her web the spider weaves,
Hanging her flimsy net,
Trembling, between two leaves.

A delicate, swinging trap,
Work of minutest care,
Blown by the merest breath
To infinite air.

Thus music thread-like spins
From mind to mind her weft,
Using as simple aids
Thin strings and fingers deft.

Hangs it between two worlds,
A fragile, lovely snare,
To lure the venturers lone
Who trespass there.

LOST YOUTH

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

Heaven's gate for me was once a stile,
The grassy fields I trod
Were full of flowers that seemed erewhile
As stars that gazed on God;
And merry birds were cherubim
That sang in hawthorn trees —
But now I'm older, now I'm older,
Where are these?

Once if my feet but fell on grass
Each one became a wing,
And I moved on as clouds will pass
When winds are trumpeting;
And once to me the soft-spun moss
Was from an angel's weft —
But now I'm older, now I'm older,
What is left?

The feet that flew, the eyes that glowed,
The lamp of faith that shone,
They fail me now upon the road
That I must travel on;
The frost erewhile was holy breath
For sign upon my panes —
But now I'm older, now I'm older,
What remains?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER II

THE secretary of the late Princess Iurievskaia, the morganatic wife of Emperor Alexander II of Russia, is about to publish the memoirs of Alexander II, the original manuscript of which has hitherto been the property of Princess Iurievskaia. She kept the larger portion of the manuscript in a London bank, later transferring it to Nice. The rest was in the possession of her secretary, M. Markov, in Petrograd, but was later removed from Russia and given to a bank for safe keeping.

The Emperor never intended to publish his memoirs and therefore wrote them as brief notes which will now serve as material for the new book. Princess Iurievskaia was ready to undertake the task of publication of it several years ago, but death interrupted her plans.

The Russian Government had long sought these memoirs. During the reign of Alexander III and Nicholas II many attempts were made to induce Princess Iurievskaia to give them up. But these efforts, as well as those of Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich, the historian, were all unsuccessful.

The memoirs begin in 1870 during the Franco-Prussian War. Alexander II entirely sympathized with Germany, and speaks highly of William I and his advisers. On the whole, Tsar Alexander had been infatuated with the Germans for a long time, though he became somewhat indifferent to them a short time before his death. It was the policy of Bismarck — 'this insatiable bulldog,' as Alexander II calls him — that threw the Russian Tsar off his balance. The memoirs abound in unkind epithets applied to the Iron Chancellor.

The author's attitude toward the French is one of negligence. He never doubted their defeat. England's policies are sharply criticized in the memoirs. They are plainly called 'mean.' Alexander II feels a deep antagonism to Queen Victoria, naturally describes Disraeli in very dark colors, calls him 'Russia's bitterest enemy,' and thinks that Gladstone was the only gentleman in all England.

Much space is allotted to the Russian-Turkish War of 1877-1878. The Tsar agrees in a melancholy way that Constantinople is lost to Russia because of his own indecisiveness and of England's intrigues.

The fact that these memoirs were not intended for publication give an especial aspect of truthfulness to the information they contain about his personal life.

The theory of the suicide of Nicholas I is given full confirmation. Alexander II tells how his father's physician, Dr. Karel, was the Emperor's involuntary slayer. He dared not disobey his monarch and gave him the requested poison. It remains a secret, however, whether Dr. Karel intentionally gave him too small a dose, hoping to be able to save his life, or whether the Tsar's strong organism offered unexpected resistance. The established fact is that Nicholas I had suffered violently for several days, and finally, when death drew near, called his children and told them the ghastly truth. He asked them not to make Dr. Karel suffer for his action, which probably explains the fact that this physician stayed among Alexander's staff after his father's death but never enjoyed his favor or confidence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The story of the Tsar's love for Princess Dolgorukova, later his morganatic wife under the name of Princess Iurievskaia, is exhaustively told in these memoirs for the first time.

The later years of his reign were perturbed. Alexander II had premonitions of his tragic end. He was a fatalist and did not want any special precautions to be taken. He did not believe that gendarmes and secret police would save his life, although he followed their reports with interest. Almost daily he received threatening or cautioning letters. Someone's mysterious hand invariably placed them upon his desk in his absence. With a real horror the Tsar noted in his diary the one that was transmitted to him by his own son, Prince Iurievski, to whom it was handed in the street with a request to forward it to his father.

The atmosphere was stifling. Revolutionists were getting bolder every day. The Tsar changed Ministers and appointed commissions with kaleidoscopic frequency, but without avail. All means were exhausted, and finally the Emperor's forces as well. He felt an overwhelming desire to retire and enjoy a legitimate personal happiness. He decided to crown Princess Iurievskaia as Empress of Russia and orders were given accordingly. A project of constitution was drafted and signed. The Tsar was planning to live the rest of his life in retirement under the soft skies of the Riviera, but on the first of March, 1881, an anarchist bomb ended all these plans.

The book is to be illustrated by exceptionally interesting drawings and photographs.

✠

THE 'INDEX GENERALIS'

A French rival of the German *Minerva*, which for years was a standard work of reference for the learned world, has just appeared. It is the *Index Generalis*, published in Paris under the direction of R. de Montessus de Ballore, a professor in the Catholic University at Lille, and also of the Faculty of Science in Paris. The new handbook is approved by the Ministry of Public Instruction, and is therefore, so far as its French section is concerned, practically an official document.

It consists of more than two thousand pages, and lists practically every college, university, and professional school in the world, as well as observatories and learned societies. It is arranged by countries, is well indexed, and, for the present at least, will probably replace the old *Minerva*.

This is quite evidently the aim of the French publishers, who have gone to the trouble of putting an English cover on copies intended for this country and Great Britain. They send out their review copies with a little note saying: 'You will be delighted to learn (*Vous apprendez avec plaisir*) that the German *Minerva* has had but one edition, at the beginning of 1921, since the end of the war.' It will be remembered that French scholars were unwilling to cooperate in making that one edition.

The learned world after the war is even more polyglot than before, because of the rise of small nationalities and the consequent founding of many more national universities. To meet this situation the publishers have given the entries of every university and professional school in the language of the country of origin. In general, this involves the use of technical terms in various languages; but these as a rule are readily understood, and where there is any difficulty short vocabularies are inserted. The new volume comprises one thousand and seven entries, which are distributed as follows: France and her Colonies, 141; British Empire, 369; Germany, 71; United

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States, 112; other countries, 314. These data are as accurate as they can be made, having been submitted by the authorities of the institutions concerned.

The book is published by Gauthier-Villars et Cie., of Paris.

✽

PAGANINI'S VIOLIN

THE German violinist, Wilhelm Burmeister, who is now touring the Far East, paused long enough in Genoa to send to the *Kölnische Zeitung* an account of a visit of homage which he paid to Paganini's violin, now forever mute in a glass case in the Palazzo del Municipio: —

In a silk-lined case, standing on a supporting base, you see the violin made by Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu, which belonged to Paganini, father of violin technique. In the circumstances in which I saw it, with three broken strings, there was nothing in its outward appearance to give a man, who did not know, any cause for flights of fancy into the realm of poetry. And yet to me, even in such neglect of this costly instrument, shut away from light, air, sun, and playing, there was something deeply tragic. A hundred years ago men by thousands were enchanted by the strains that poured from these few bits of wood. This magnificent little object, covered with red varnish, helped its master to set up a tradition of violin-playing which, if it had been used in the service of a higher art, would have fully justified its existence. Our modern critics may think and say what they will of Paganini; nevertheless he became a distinguished musician in spite of his technique.

✽

'CARTHAGO SERVANDA EST'

DR. L. CARTON, the French archæologist of Tunis, writes in *L'Écho de Paris* on the preservation of the ruins of Carthage, which were described in the *Living Age* a few months ago. The Roman Conquest in 146 B.C. destroyed the city completely, but its site had such natural advantages that it was not long before a new Roman city grew up where the Phœnician colony had formerly stood and flourished for centuries.

It is for the preservation of these ruins that Dr. Carton appeals. He urges that the localities where investigation shows most of the ruins are to be found buried beneath the soil should be purchased and made secure for future scientific work. The territory involved is too extensive to make complete purchase possible, but he believes that in this way much can be done.

An organization known as the Comité des Dames Amies de Carthage is exerting itself in France and Belgium to raise funds for making the ruins more available to tourists. They have set up a huge colored map of the ruins in the Carthage railway-station, and have done a good deal to make the ruins more accessible by means of guides, guideposts, and other means of spreading information. The Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, of which Dr. Carton is a correspondent, has appointed a commission to consider the questions relating to the ruins.

✽

A THOUSAND MILES A DAY

IN the columns of the *Manchester Guardian* appears an account of an amusing if pointless experiment on the capacities of the English railway-lines: —

The interesting references to the speed of present-day expresses remind me of a novel effort in 1910 by Mr. J. Ingham Learoyd, a well-known Halifax accountant, now dead. He wished to test the possibility of traveling 1000 miles on a British railway in a single day, and after careful study he came to the conclusion that it could only be done at that time by traveling long distances to and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fro on one system, and that was the Midland. He started from St. Pancras at midnight, and journeyed to Leeds, which he reached at 4.05 A.M. In seven minutes he began the return journey, getting back to St. Pancras at 8.15 A.M., having so far accounted for 391 miles in 488 minutes of actual riding.

Next, boarding the 9.30 A.M. north express at St. Pancras, he was rushed to Carlisle, distant 308½ miles, arriving at 3.50 P.M., and leaving only an eight-minute margin before he had to be seated in a return train for London, due in at 10.25 P.M. The punctuality was so wonderful that the entire programme, fine as the margins were, was carried through as planned, 1005½ miles being traveled in, as nearly as possible, 1260 minutes, or 180 minutes within the specified time.

✽

THE DOTS OF H. G. WELLS

MR. H. G. WELLS was the good-natured victim of a students' 'rag' at the Training College of Education at Leeds, where he had gone to deliver an address. He had just concluded when a pair of students disguised as policemen entered armed with a warrant from 'The Crown and Anchor.' Mr. Wells threw up his hands and cried 'Kamerad!' Taken in charge by the police, the novelist confronted a court of students with judge, counsel for the accused, jury, and bellman, all quite complete. The novelist was lodged in an improvised dock which consisted of a table with its legs turned upward.

The indictment against Mr. Wells alleged certain crimes against art and punctuation, the latter accusation being apparently more serious in the minds of the accusers. To quote from the indictment, it was alleged 'that he willfully and maliciously used an excessive number of dots in the emotional scenes of his novels; and that he had used "outlines" in a certain work of history written by him.'

The prosecuting counsel delivered a fiery denunciation, in which the argument was not nearly so clear as some amusing parodies of the author's style, wild imaginative flights, and an earnest examination of infinity. Witnesses testified that to save himself the adequate expression of emotion the prisoner put 'rows of dots.' Sometimes he even sank so far as to break off in the middle of a sentence into 'inexpressible dottiness.'

The *Outline of History*, which has been the target for the specialists ever since it appeared, without suffering very much at their hands, — at least so far as its readers can see, — was also dragged into court, and an artist testified on the principles of impressionism that no outline was 'properly visible to solid objects in a lambent atmosphere' — which may mean something or may be merely impressionism.

The prisoner's advocate argued in mitigation of the offense that the prisoner had written only an outline of history and was to be congratulated upon not having filled in his outline. As for the dots, he assured the court that 'every dot has its day,' and that furthermore these dots bubbled up from the Wells of Truth.

The prisoner was then sentenced to 'translate the dots into semaphore.' Mr. Wells, assuming a cockney accent, said he could 'do it on 'is 'ead.' He was then removed from court.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

The Hill Tribes of Fiji, by A. B. Brewster. London: Seeley, Service, 1922. 21*s.* net.

Cannibal-Land, by Martin Johnson. London: Constable. 1922. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

British North Borneo, by Owen Rutter. London: Constable, 1922. 21*s.* net.

[*Saturday Review*]

We once spent a week in Fiji, and only the pressure of duty saved us from the temptation of missing the boat that was to carry us away. The most superficial view of that enchanted island fills one with longing to know it more thoroughly, and Mr. Brewster's fascinating book at last satisfies that longing. Its ample subtitle, more in the style of the eighteenth than the twentieth century, describes it with accuracy as 'a record of forty years' intimate connection with the tribes of the mountainous interior of Fiji, with a description of their habits in war and peace, methods of living, characteristics mental and physical, from the days of cannibalism to the present time.'

Mr. Brewster's knowledge of Fiji dates back almost to the murder of Mr. Baker in 1867. When he landed in 1870, the Suva children were singing a dirge in which that enterprising but indiscreet missionary's fate was recorded, with the refrain: —

> Oh! dead is Mr. Baker,
> They killed him on the road,
> And they ate him, boots and all.

Many years after the tragedy, when Mr. Brewster was Resident Commissioner of the Tholo North Province, he happened to hear the whole story from the actors in it, who 'hotly resented the accusation of having eaten the boots. They said they were not such fools, as they knew quite well that such were adjuncts of the *vavalangi* or white men, in the same category as their guns, powder, axes, knives, and so forth. . . .'

Mr. Johnson's *Cannibal-Land* is a cinematographic film in prose. It describes his adventures in the New Hebrides — which he first saw when a passenger in the late Mr. London's *Snark* — in search of material for the 'movies.' The earliest of these adventures was nearly the last, since Mr. Johnson and his wife put themselves at the mercy of a cannibal chief whose preparations for a banquet were only stopped by the accidental arrival of a gunboat. But they got their picture, and two years later they had the unique experience of exhibiting it to the same chief, with whom they had then made friends; they did not even grumble at having to pay the audience for attending.

Major Rutter has written a comprehensive and interesting account of the little State of North Borneo, a British Protectorate which has been administered for forty years by the British North Borneo Chartered Company. During this time the country — which is about half the size of England — has been converted from a neglected tropical wilderness into a 'scene of patient toil and industry.' Major Rutter, who was formerly a Government officer and is now a planter in North Borneo, describes the romantic origin of the Company and its methods of administration, the prospects of agriculture — rubber and tobacco are at present the most remunerative crops — the indications of mineral wealth, native customs, and daily life. North Borneo is a country, he says, in which no European should remain longer than four years at a time; but it is a land of great possibilities, and living is cheaper there than almost anywhere in the world to-day.

Extemporary Essays, by Maurice Hewlett. London and New York: Oxford University Press. 1923. 6*s.* 6*d.*

[*To-Day*]

The publishers of these essays have been well advised in issuing them in pocket form; they may now be read, as they most surely will be read, in all manner of places by those who love convenient scholarship, bright ideas, and rich phrases, backed by an outlook which is both broad and sane. Mr. Hewlett has given us a most winning volume of essays, which will live long in the admiration and even affection of essay-lovers.

On Secret Patrol in High Asia, by Captain L. V. S. Blacker. With an introduction by Major-General Sir George Younghusband. London: Murray. 1922. 18*s.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

'Away back in the third week of August, 1914, I found myself marching just after midnight out from the walled city of Yarkand through the desert of Takla Makan straight into the North Star' — in this opening sentence Captain Blacker of the Guides suggests to us the frame of mind in which to read the story of his enthralling adventures. From that day in August when he had yet to learn of the war, until 1920, he seems to have been marching from Yarkands toward nothing more definite and accessible than the North Star.

A coherent analysis of his wanderings would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give a false impression of them; on foot and on horseback he covered ten thousand miles of country, and that vague figure is in keeping with the evocative names of the places he mentions — Merv, 'Asqhabad, Tashkend, Shignan, Kashgar, Samarkand. He crossed deserts, glaciers, icy fords, huge mountain ranges set one behind the other, the frozen wastes of Karakoram and untrodden Karakash. And always, whatever his mission, he is accompanied — such is the impression given — by sixteen indestructible Pathans.

It is a nightmare country: time and space are on a nightmare scale; height and depth are without limit; blizzards shriek over the roof of the world; the people encountered wear strange clothes and all move stealthily. There is nothing incoherent in Captain Blacker himself; his decisions are taken instantly — but there is something of the nightmare in the rapidity with which they produce their result; it is as if he controlled marionettes by a string. But the marionettes have to be set up again laboriously before the play can proceed, and then it is quite a different play.

This is no fault of his; his orders might be out of date when he received them; those who issued them could do no better than guess at the conditions in the country to which they sent him; policy changed with the repercussion of every shock in the war. He and his sixteen were always doing something adventurous — carrying out a mission into Chinese Turkestan, hunting emissaries of the enemy over mountains, descending into the plains to fight 'the Reds' with armored trains. The stage is so vast that there is place in it both for a Kirghiz rider on a yak and for the armored train; there would be place in it for Diplodocus. . . .

At a late period of the war, Enver conceived the plan of utilizing the German, Magyar, and Austrian prisoners of war who had been released by the Soviet, backing them with raiders from 'the Chorasmian waste,' and sweeping into the plains of the Sutlej and the Ganges with an army two hundred thousand strong. To oppose them, says the author, we had 'the proverbial two men and a boy.' He was one of those required to find out what was contemplated.

Names do not much concern the reader of this story, and it will be enough to say that it was near the shrine of Duldulhokar that Captain Blacker heard from an Afghan merchant traveling with his caravan that about a hundred armed men, apparently Afghans, led by Germans and Turks, had been seen making for the gorge where the Tashkurghan River breaks its way down from the Pamirs. That was enough. Off went Captain Blacker in pursuit, with improvised equipment at a moment's notice, on a hunt through desolation; the men with him were few but fit; two tents held them all — Kanjutis, fair Kirghiz, Punjabis, and Pathans, all mixed up together.

In the morning they hit by the best of good fortune on the deep prints of men and horses in the snow. 'We were to know that same spoor by heart during the next fourteen days.' They pushed on over ridges fourteen thousand feet high, starved, froze, and always when at the last gasp got a fresh start. They knew that the whole movement might be a decoy; they knew that the pursued might lay an ambush for them anywhere in the mountains; they knew that fifty such chases would be needed for one capture; but they pushed on. The leader had only one quarrel with his men, and that was because they had contributed out of their rations that he might have more.

Gradually the scent grew hotter. One day they found in the bivouac of the quarry a new china tea-bowl broken in half with a fresh clean fracture scarcely a day old; the reader will feel a Dr. Watson when he learns the inferences that were to be drawn — 'visions of a sudden joyous scrimmage with someone prefixed "von" came into everyone's mind.' In another bivouac was a dead quail and his little straw cage. 'These two last told us plainly the land that some of the gang came from, if not all. It is a pleasant little peculiarity of the Pathan to carry about tame quail and partridges in odd folds of his raiment.'

The hunt ended when the great iron-studded gates of the Badakshi Sarai were flung open and its hundred Afghan denizens threw up their hands in a flash on seeing, behind the bayonets gleaming in the morning sun, the sixteen gaunt, wolfish faces.

✽

BOOKS MENTIONED

Index Generalis, 1922–1923, issued under the direction of R. De Montessus de Ballore. Paris: Gauthier-Villars et Cie., 55 Quai des Grands-Augustins, Paris 6. English edition, $6.50.

MASON, PAUL-MARIE. *Berlioz*. Paris: Alcan, 1923. (For early publication.)

MOLTKE, HELMUTH VON. *Erinnerungen, Briefe, Dokumente*, 1877–1916. Published with a preface by Eliza von Moltke. Stuttgart: Der kommende Tag, 1923.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Head and shoulders above other books of its sort

STEEL

By

Charles Rumford Walker

THERE is something Homeric in the simplicity of Charles Rumford Walker's "STEEL, The Diary of a Furnace-Worker." It is a story of hot metal, of burned hands, of ham and eggs, of simple talk, simple people, simple emotions, told without regard for climax and without recourse to sentimentality. Head and shoulders, it stands above other books of its sort. Walker went into the steel mills, not as an investigator primarily but as a worker. In this lies the peculiar power, almost poetry, of his account. It was as a worker that he was accepted by the men. It is with the mind of a worker but with the background of college training and poetic faith that he tells his story. A narrative packed with human emotion, clear in its vision and purpose. — *The Bookman.*

This diary is a piece of literature; the author has captured for history a bit of our industrial age. — *The Survey.*

$1.75

At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

L.A. 5-5-23

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, INC.
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed find.....and mail, postpaid, **STEEL.**

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Thrills for boys — tales of adventures of the lads who lived 25,000 years ago

CAVE BOYS

H. M. BURR 1.75

FASCINATING stories of prehistoric boys — their constant danger of encountering wild animals, their hardships, and successes. Here we read of the power of Od, the Great Spirit; of Eck, the crippled boy who learned to ride on a wild horse; of the importance of Sing, the Story Teller; and many other tales. An unusual decorative treatment throughout adds to the charm of the book. After the boys have read it, they will want to pass it on to be enjoyed by their elders. H. M. Burr writes the kind of books that boys like — he knows their "mental kinks" and supplies the needed stimulation.

By the Same Author

For the boys themselves

Around the Fire..... 1.50
Hero tales of the beginnings of civilization.

Tales of Telal..... .90
Tells of the ancient people of Babylon and Assyria.

Everyboy..... .90
An allegorical story of a typical boy.

For leaders of boys

Adolescent Boyhood... 1.25
Well-established principles of adolescent psychology.

The Calling of Boyman .75
The influences which govern the choice of a career.

At any bookstore or from us

ASSOCIATION PRESS
Pub. Dept. Inter. Comm., Y.M.C.A.
347 Madison Avenue, New York

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
BOOKS WITH PURPOSE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Investments in Electric Power

Stone & Webster have built power developments and transmission systems that are among the most important in the electrical industry. They operate many such properties.

Stone & Webster offer investors their experience of thirty years' successful leadership in power work.

STONE & WEBSTER

INCORPORATED

BOSTON, 147 Milk Street NEW YORK, 120 Broadway CHICAGO, 38 S. Dearborn Street

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED